MARCH 3, 1958

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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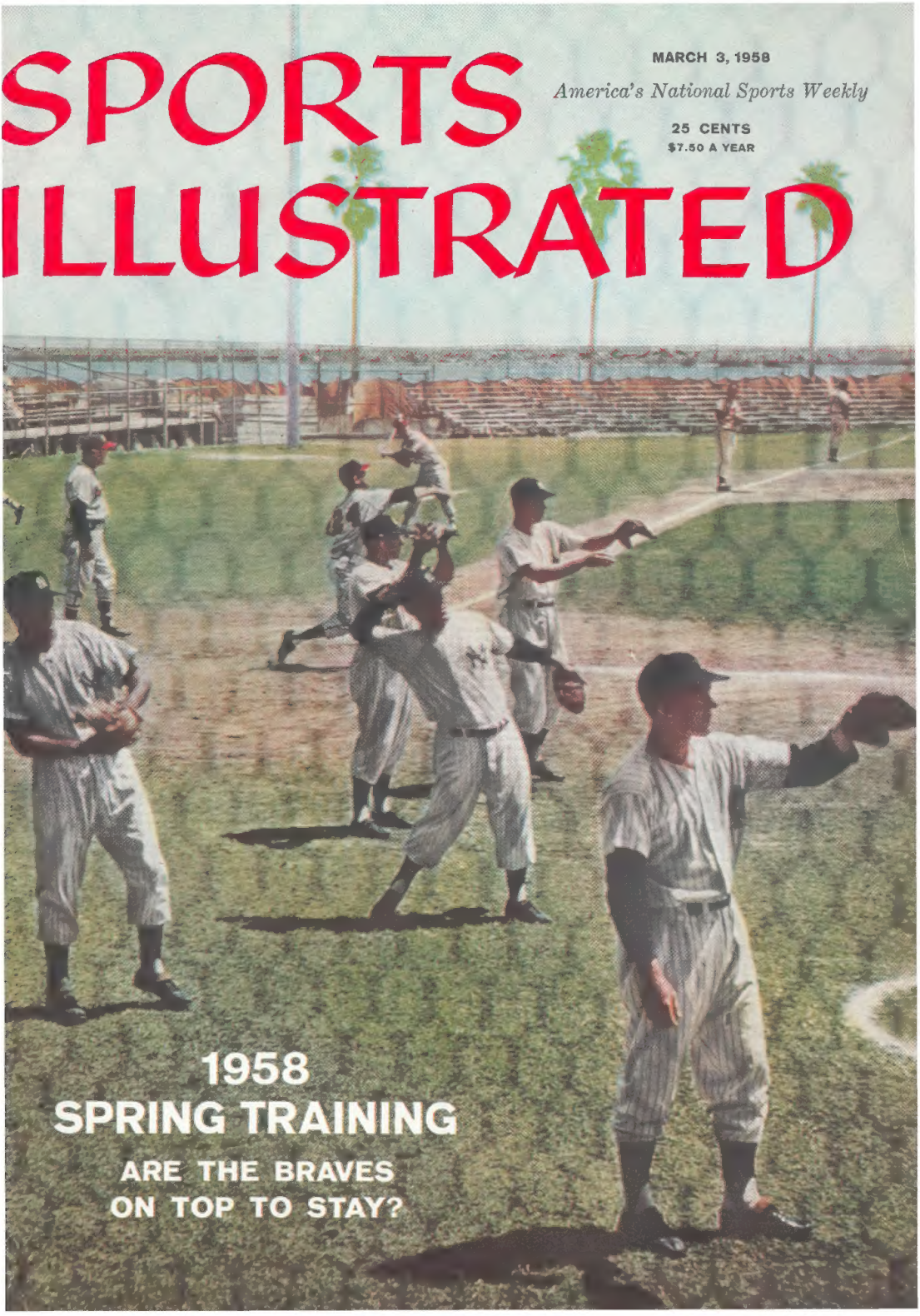

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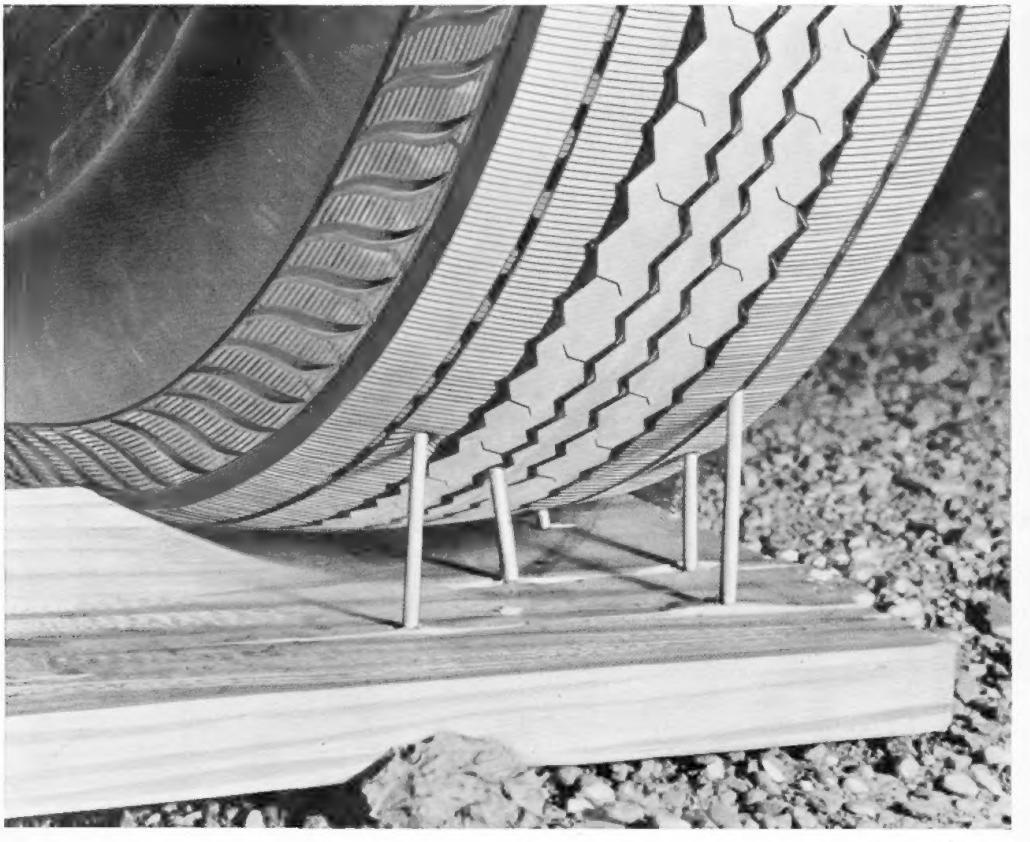

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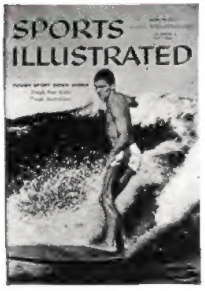
Cover: Spring Training ▶

The business of deciding who will play in the 1958 World Series has already begun. Like last year's champion Braves and Yankees, 14 other big league teams are hard at work in the Florida and Arizona sun.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ The Australian wave rider above is doing what comes naturally to thousands of swimmers down under. Next week we show in color the rough-and-tumble pleasures of the water-minded Aussies.

▶ The colorful Cincinnati Reds faltered last year. Gabe Paul and Birdie Tebbetts answer some pointed questions —like what happens next?

▶ SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Virginia Kraft fulfills a lifetime ambition with a safari to the green hills of Kenya. She describes the adventure and dangers of the stalk and kill of elephant, rhino and buffalo.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

THE passengers of the Pan American Clipper *Trade Wind*, which landed in San Francisco Christmas Eve 1956, had made a soul-testing decision. Only shortly before in Australia they had asked SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for aid in finding freedom in America. Now these Hungarian and Rumanian Olympians took their first look at their new land. It was an emotional moment, set against a background of torment and trial. More than a year later its meaning is still strong, for wherever I go a question as frequent as any is, "How are they doing now?"

From latest reports, the 29 who came to stay are working hard, studying hard and, as one might expect, playing hard. They have scattered *over the country, but by far the largest* number are living in California. This has already had noteworthy effects on sport in that sports-conscious state. At USC Nick Martin, member of the Olympic water polo team, and Joseph Deutsch and Gabor Nagy, who also hold scholarships there, helped to give the Trojans one of their best water polo teams in history. In the San Francisco area Georges Piller, twice world's sabre champion, and his protégés George Domolky, Danny Magay and Tom Orley hope to make the Golden Gate the new fencing center of the world. They're off to a good start. Piller, probably the world's greatest fencing coach, is instructing at the University of California, San Jose State College and two girls' schools. Magay last summer won the U.S. sabre title. Domolky *this winter is winning B plusses at* Stanford. Meanwhile Magay, a U. of C. student, has married his girl, who successfully fled Hungary to join him. They came out of church under the upraised swords of Piller, Domolky and Orley. "It was," Bureau Chief Dick Pollard says, "quite a sight!" And did nothing to discourage the rattling of sabres in California.

For Mihaly Igloi, whose runners have set almost 20 world's records, and sub-four-minute miler Laszlo Tabori it was for a while a frustrating year, to the point where rumor had them returning to Hungary. Everyone in this country, including Igloi and Tabori, is happy that they didn't. For Igloi is track coach at the remarkable Santa Clara Valley Youth Village, which Father Walter Schmidt *founded (19TH HOLE, SI, Jan. 13).* And Tabori, working in San Jose, is working out with Igloi, who now feels he will be training runners who can beat the best in the next Olympics.

So the answer to that question seems to be, "They're doing fine." Including Gymnast Andrea Bodo Molnar and her new baby girl *(below)*. When last she wrote she said, "Thanks a lot again. Get us sometimes any letters. And don't forget your good friends, the Hungarian sportsmen anywhere in America."

That would be mighty hard to do.

Harry Phillips

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—AUSTRALIA'S flipper-footed swim kids continued to rewrite world record book in Aussie championships at Melbourne, breaking 14 more marks to bring week-long total to 17. Biggest catch (six) was hauled down by barrel-chested John Konrads, 15-year-old Latvian-born freestyler, who whiplashed 400 meters and 440 yards in 4:21.8 (Feb. 18), four days later dipped into pool to thrash 1,650 yards in 17:28.7, set three other records along way: 9:14.5 for 800 meters and 880 yards; 17:28.7 for 1,500 meters. Gasped weary but happy Konrads after being dragged from water: "Those last five yards were the most glorious five yards I ever swam." Other record breakers: 19-year-old backstroker John Monckton, who pinwheeled 200 meters and 220 yards in 2:18.4 (Feb. 18); 20-year-old freestyler Dawn Fraser, who thrashed 100 meters and 110 yards in 61.5 (Feb. 18), 200 meters and 220 yards in 2:14.7 (Feb. 22); 13-year-old freestyler Ilsa Konrads, who traveled 800 meters and 880 yards in 10:16.2 (Feb. 20).

U.S. swimmers also got into act, but on much smaller scale. Sylvia Ruuska, 15-year-old California water sprite, swam mile in 21:37.5 for new American freestyle record at Alameda, Calif. (Feb. 21); Michigan's Cy Hopkins hustled through 200-yard breaststroke in 2:24.5 to break U.S. standard at Ann Arbor, Mich. (Feb. 22).

JOHN THOMAS, lanky high jumper from Rindge Tech of Cambridge, Mass., skimmed over bar at 6 feet 7¾ inches in AAU meet at New York, came away with new world indoor schoolboy record (Feb. 22).

BOXING—HEAVYWEIGHT posture was no better defined after fights in Gothenburg, Sweden and New York's Madison Square Garden blew away possible opponents for Champion Floyd Patterson. At Gothenburg, Ingemar Johansson, unbeaten European champion, was chief spoiler, lathering Joe Erskine, considered prospective challenger for London bout, for 13 rounds before Welshman tired of absorbing punches and tossed in towel. In New York, free-swinging Alex Miteff brushed off split nose which gushed gore for most of 10 rounds (*see below*), outmauled hulking Nino Valdes in blood bath to win split decision which prompted wounded Manager Bobby Gleason to yell "fix!" Said Johansson: "I have no intention of challenging Patterson until I improve my technique." Miteff, too, begged off through his manager, Hymie (The Mink) Wallman, who explained: "He's not ready for Patterson."

HORSE RACING—OLIGARCHY, Isabel Dodge Sloane's 4-year-old who had never won stakes race, picked right spot for his first one, running off with grand prize ($95,000) and paying off handsome 9 to 1 in $130,000 Widener Handicap at Hialeah. Coming off fast pace, light-weighted (108 pounds) Oligarchy overtook top-weighted (125 pounds) Iron Liege on stretch turn, pushed to wire by narrow head as young (33) Brookmeade Trainer John Elliott Burch, trembling with excitement, moaned: "I'm dying. I rode him every step of the way."

JEWEL'S REWARD, racing's top 2-year-old last year, emerged as Flamingo threat after whip-flicking ride by Manuel Ycaza brought him stomping home ahead of Hubcap and Alhambra in seven-furlong sprint at Hialeah. Raved Ycaza: "Like sitting on a tiger." Another 3-year-old, Nadir, had no such luck, found 126 pounds too much to give away, trailed frisky Sir Robby home by three lengths in 1⅛-mile test. But Owner Bull Hancock, with eye on Flamingo, reminded one and all: "Remember, in the big ones they all carry the same weight."

TRACK & FIELD—AAU meet in New York had foreign tinge as three distinguished visitors ran off with titles. Ron Delany, faced with job of catching Istvan Rozsavolgyi when Hungarian gallantly bolted up through heavy traffic to take lead and "make the race" on 10th lap, bobbed his Irish head a little harder, stretched out his chicken-stepping stride a little longer, sprinted through 56.4 final quarter to win mile in 4:03.7, his best time indoors and just 1/10 of second off world indoor record. Yugoslavia's Velisa Mugosa held off Houston's Polish-born John Macy to win three-mile in 13:54.2 while Poland's Zbigniew Orywal (*see below*), stepped out in 1,000-yard run, won his first U.S. race in 2:14.1. Other winners: NYAC's Bob Backus, who whirled 35-pound weight 65 feet 4¼ inches, further than listed world record but short of Al Hall's 67-foot 9½-inch toss of year ago; Parry O'Brien, who won his sixth straight AAU title with 60-foot 1¼-inch heave in shotput; Villanova's Ed Collymore, narrow victor over Ira Murchison in 60-yard dash in 6.2 after Dave Sime and Ken Kave pulled leg muscles in semifinal; Villanova's Charlie Jenkins in 600-yard run in 1:11.3; Eastern Michigan's Hayes Jones, who upset Elias Gilbert in 60-yard high hurdles in 7.1; Indiana's Greg Bell, with 25-foot 5¼-inch leap in broad jump; Herm Wyatt, with 6-foot 7½-inch mark in high jump; Don Bragg and Bob Gutowski, who tied at 15 feet in pole vault. Team champion: NYAC.

TENNIS—DICK SAVITT, regarded by many as having potential to become world's best amateur but more concerned with creating career in oil, made one of his infrequent tournament appearances in U.S. indoor championships in New York, chugged up his big game to overpower Playboy Budge Patty 6-1, 6-2, 3-6, 12-10 for title.

SQUASH RACQUETS—HENRI SALAUN, deft-stroking little Frenchman from Boston, played role of retriever against power-hitting G. Diehl Mateer Jr., patiently outwaited and outwitted his opponent to win 9-15, 15-13, 17-15, 15-7 for his second straight national singles title at Annapolis (*see page 48*).

continued

accent on the deed . . .

CROUCHING Heavyweight Alex Miteff, wearing bloody wounds of battle, lets go with a right to face of Nino Valdes in New York.

BUSSING Australian Swimmers Dawn Fraser (*left*), John and Ilsa Konrads are happy youngsters after record-breaking spree.

HEADING for first U.S. victory, Poland's Zbigniew Orywal bends his way into a turn in 1,000-yard run at AAU meet in New York.

SCOREBOARD *continued*

BASEBALL—FRANK (Trader) LANE, effusive Cleveland general manager, wheeling and dealing like mad in effort to crank up Indians, traded longtime Catcher Jim Hegan, 37, one of two holdovers from 1948 champions (other: Bob Lemon), and Pitcher Hank Aguirre, 26, to Detroit for Catcher J. W. Porter, 25, and Pitcher Harold Woodeshick, 25. Hegan's departure aroused ire of sentimental Cleveland fans but thick-skinned Lane was unruffled: "We are not running an old folks' club."

BASKETBALL—KANSAS STATE rolled past Missouri to remain at top of heap, but season's longest major-college winning streak —19 straight—belonged to Temple after wins over Wake Forest, Villanova.

BOSTON and ST. LOUIS had NBA titles in their hip pockets while Cincinnati and Detroit clinched playoff berths. Last two Eastern spots were still up for grabs.

HOCKEY—MAURICE (Rocket) RICHARD, at 36 still fiercest of all Canadiens, returned to rink after missing 42 games because of partially severed Achilles tendon, scored twice against Boston, was ready for title-clinching celebration.

AUTO RACING—PAUL GOLDSMITH, former motorcycle daredevil, staged wheel-to-wheel duel with Curtis Turner, pulled ahead in 1958 Pontiac to win 160-miler with 101.18 mph average in final event of NASCAR carnival at Daytona Beach (*see page 38*).

MILEPOST—HONORED—ROBERT TYRE (Bobby) JONES JR., 55, smooth-swinging perfectionist who topped world's golfers from 1923 to 1930, winner of 13 major titles, including unprecedented and unequaled Grand Slam (U.S. Open and Amateur, British Open and Amateur) in 1930, founder of Masters tournament; voted William D. Richardson Trophy "for outstanding contributions to golf," by Golf Writers' Association of America, at Chicago.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING—*JOHNNY MANTZ, Duarte, Calif., 100-m. stock car race, in 1:13:56, in 1957 Mercury, Pomona, Calif.*

BOATING—*EUGENE WALET III, New Orleans, Natl. Midwinter Lightning Championship, St. Petersburg.*

BOBSLEDDING—*TUFFY LATOUR, Saranac Lake, N.Y., 2-man title, in 5:00.91 for 4 runs; CAPTAIN HILL MOORE, Wright-Paterson AFB, Dayton, 4-man title, in 4:59.71 for 4 runs, N. American titles, Lake Placid.*

BOXING—*RALPH (Tiger) JONES, 10-round split decision over Kid Gavilan, middleweights, Miami Beach.*
RORY CALHOUN, 5-round KO over Young Beau Jack, middleweights, Revere, Mass.
GENE (Ace) ARMSTRONG, 10-round decision over Charley Joseph, middleweights, New York.

COURT TENNIS—*NORTHRUP KNOX, New York, over James Bostwick, 6-1, 6-1, 6-3, Tuxedo Gold Racquet tournament, Tuxedo Park, N.Y.*

CURLING—*CHICAGO HEATHERS, skipped by Mrs. Frank Pollen, over The Country Club of Brookline, Mass., 10-6, U.S. Women's Curling Assn., Schenectady, N.Y.*
KAY CHISHOLM RINK, Winnipeg, over Fern Sometrille Rink, Superior, Wis., 18-9, Women's Intl. Bonspiel, Duluth.

DOG SHOW—*CH. PUTTENCOVE PROMISE (standard poodle), owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Putnam, best-in-show, Eastern Dog Club, Boston.*

DOG SLEDDING—*ROY BEDDES, Parker, Idaho, men's title, in 1:42:32.5 for 24 miles; SANDRA VAN SICKLE, Truckee, Calif., women's title, in 20:32 for 4 miles, N. American Dog Derby, W. Yellowstone, Mont.*

HORSE RACING—*TALL CHIEF II: $57,300 Washington's Birthday H., 1 1/4 m., by 1/2 length, in 2:30 1/5, Santa Anita, Johnny Longden up.*

SKIING—*JIM BRENNAN, Leavenworth, Wash., Canadian jumping title, with 209.3 pts., Kimberley, B.C.*

SWIMMING—*LASALLE ACADEMY, Rhode Island, Natl. Catholic interscholastic title, with 57 pts., Villanova, Pa.*

TENNIS—*LEW HOAD, over Pancho Gonzales, 3 matches to 1, Hoad leads pro tour, 16-8.*
BARRY MACKAY, Dayton, and GRANT GOLDEN, Evanston, Ill., over Kurt Nielsen and Sidney Schwartz, 6-0, 4-6, 6-3, 9-7, U.S. indoor doubles title, New York.

TRACK & FIELD—*ST. FRANCIS PREP, New York, Natl. AAU high and prep title, with 13 pts., New York.*

faces in the crowd . . .

TOM LARIS, chesty youngster from New York's George Washington H.S., bustled into lead at start, never gave it up until he had set new world indoor record of 4:16.9 for mile in AAU interscholastics at New York.

JUDY BELL, 21, pretty U. of Arizona coed golfer from Wichita, gave ground to Marge Burns after building early lead, had to scramble back to win on 37th hole in South Atlantic Amateur at Ormond Beach, Fla.

KEITH GARDNER, long-legged Jamaica Olympian who now does his running for Nebraska, scissored over 60-yard low hurdles in quick 6.7, 1/10 of a second faster than world indoor record, at Boulder, Colo.

BETSY SNITE, formful Norwich, Vt. skier, zigzagged through gates in good time to win slalom, added fifth in downhill to glide off with combined title in White Ribbon tournament at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

ALBIE PEARSON, Washington rookie and at 5 feet 6 the American League's shortest outfielder, also has reputation as golfer after beating Philadelphia's John Gray on 19th hole for Baseball Players' title at Miami.

GEOFFREY ATKINS, former world and U.S. champion, was at top of game in Tuxedo Gold Racquets tournament at Tuxedo Park, N.Y., beating newly crowned national champion Clarence Pell Jr. 15-1, 15-2, 15-4.

EDWIN M. LAVINO, Philadelphia industrialist, was honored at Lawrenceville (N.J.) School surprise party on opening of new field-house wing. Whole layout, given by Lavino, is bigger than Madison Square Garden.

WHIP-WAVING Eddie Arcaro flashes wider than usual grin at Santa Anita Track after booting home his 4,000th winner.

HEADY PLAY by Manchester United's Faulkes (2) helps beat Sheffield 3–0 in first game since air crash killed eight players.

SNOW PATROL

Skiing across the country: reports through the preceding weekend

East

Vermont: Area operators spent George Washington's Birthday weekend shoveling out. Snow depths reached 100 inches. Road conditions kept crowds well below 1957 records.
STOWE. Skiing superb. Holiday crowd about half of last year's. Mt. Mansfield Ski Club championships here March 16. **UP** 62, **LO** 52.
MAD RIVER GLEN. Annual family races here March 8. **UP** 67, **LO** 52, **SN** 22.
BIG BROMLEY. Skiing excellent. **UP** 68, **LO** 40, **SN** 20, **CR** 2,000.
MT. SNOW. **UP** 106, **LO** 50, **CR** 4,000.

Massachusetts: A growing network of rope tows in North Andover, Littleton and Groton areas are giving Bostonians quick, inexpensive family ski trips.
BOUSQUETS. Up to 350 skiers are coming for night skiing Wednesday through Saturday nights. **UP** 56, **LO** 26, **SN** 18, **CR** 1,600.
JIMINY PEAK. **UP** 45, **LO** 26, **SN** 18, **CR** 450.

New York: Good skiing border to border. Drifts blocked some roads.
WHITEFACE. Wilderness Run becoming the New Yorker's equivalent of Stowe's famous Nose Dive. **UP** 40, **LO** 30, **SN** 21, **CR** 2,000.
BELLEAYRE. Big turnout despite notice that only four of the 13 trails were packed out. Area's snow tractors had been lent to rescue marooned families. Otto Weber of New York City won eastern Veteran's Giant Slalom. **UP** 50, **LO** 25, **SN** 18, **CR** 4,000.
CATAMOUNT. Largest crowd in area's history last Saturday. **UP** 40, **LO** 25, **CR** 1,350.
SNOW RIDGE. Entries for March 1 Savoy trophy race coming from as far west as Cleveland. **UP** 36, **LO** 24, **SN** 6, **CR** 1,500.

Pennsylvania: MT. LAUREL. **UP** 50, **LO** 15.

New Hampshire: Washington's Birthday, normally a peak in attendance, was but a bump on the graph of record crowds this year.
WILDCAT. Gondola cars were launched every 14 seconds to take care of biggest crowd since opening day. "Wildcat Parkas," service surplus alpaca-lined jackets for $14.95, are a sellout at Carroll Reed shop. **UP** 107.
CANNON MT. Deepest snow in area's records. **UP** 114, **LO** 14, **CR** 2,500.
SUNAPEE. N.H. Interclub Ski Council children's day brought out 400 young skiers for free lift rides. **UP** 70, **LO** 25, **CR** 2,500.
CRANMORE. Everything open. **UP** 70, **LO** 40.
BLACK MT. Area had daily crowds of 500. Reservations tight. **UP** 66, **LO** 45.
BELKNAP. Annual midget races for 4-year-olds and up March 2, 3. **UP** 65, **LO** 20.

Maine: SUGARLOAF. Area has had 212 inches of snowfall this year. **UP** 83, **LO** 60, **CR** 2,000.
PLEASANT MT. **UP** 60, **LO** 30, **CR** 1,000.

Quebec: Unusually excellent ski conditions all over the province.
MONT TREMBLANT. Accommodation situation eases after March 7. **UP** 42, **LO** 33, **SN** 12, **CR** 900.
STE. AGATHE. **UP** 42, **LO** 36, **SN** 14.
ST. JOVITE. Expect skiing here well into April. **UP** 32, **LO** 32, **SN** 13.
MONT ROYAL. Area is in the middle of downtown Montreal, has two ropes, a metropolitan police ski patrol. **CR** 9,000.
LAC BEAUPORT. **UP** 56, **LO** 56, **SN** 6.

Virginia: FOOTHILL FARM. Southernmost rope in the U.S., 3 miles south of Charlottesville, operated after last week's storm. **CR** 100 *(see picture)*.

Midwest

Michigan: BOYNE MT. Skiing good. **UP** 60, **LO** 18, **SN** 6, **CR** 1,000.
CABERFAE. **UP** 4, **LO** 7, **SN** 3, **CR** 1,500.
PORCUPINE. Midweek attendance running up to 300 skiers. **UP** 10, **LO** 14.
BRULE MT. **UP** 10, **LO** 12, **CR** 400.

Wisconsin: TROLLHAUGEN. Sno-Cats broke up ice on slopes to provide good skiing.
TELEMARK. **UP** 5, **LO** 1, **CR** 850.

West

Idaho: SUN VALLEY. Skiers crowded sun decks to get early start on spring tans. Most slopes had corn snow by midmorning. **CR** 1,200.
MT. BALDY. **UP** 46, **LO** 42, Dollar **UP** 30, **LO** 26.
MAGIC MT. Shirtsleeve weather, snow mushy after 2 p.m. **UP** 71, **LO** 64, **CR** 550.
BEAR GULCH. High elevation gave area good dry skiing. **UP** 58, **LO** 50, **CR** 400.

Utah: High temperatures ended last week's snowstorms, brought spring skiing and cleared roads throughout state.
ALTA. Warm weather brought out skiers' shorts, with cut-off Levis favored. **UP** 108, **LO** 94, **SN** 0, **CR** 1,000.
BRIGHTON. High temperatures have settled the snow into a fine base. **UP** 85, **LO** 74.
SNOW BASIN. Ogden Examiner's free ski school held graduation races over weekend for 700 pupils. **UP** 100, **LO** 89, **CR** 950.

Wyoming: JACKSON HOLE. Top excellent but lower section had ice. Skiers taking run down Leek's Canyon are met by ski jitney at end of run. **UP** 46, **LO** 26.

Montana: BIG MT. Experts painted skis with mix of Swix and Metro to beat warm, wet snow last week. **UP** 60, **LO** 48, **SN** 0.
WEST YELLOWSTONE. High altitude kept area's skiing excellent through warm spell. **UP** 72, **LO** 58, **SN** 4, **CR** 200.

Colorado: ASPEN. Snow holding up well against warm weather. Bell Mt. lift expected to operate again March 1. J. B. Thomas has service which flies skiers to selected peaks, picks them up by car down in the valleys.
WINTER PARK. **UP** 42, **LO** 30, **SN** 0, **CR** 1,800.
ARAPAHOE. All slopes still have powder.
LOVELAND. **UP** 60, **LO** 60, **CR** 1,500.
BERTHOUD PASS. **UP** 70, **LO** 60, **SN** 18.

New Mexico: TAOS. Seniors from Taos took Deckerhoff trophy against Colorado racers.
SANTA FE. El Paso ski team took Spitz trophy giant slalom. **UP** 60, **LO** 20.

Arizona: SNOW BOWL. Excellent powder-snow skiing. **UP** 60, **CR** 1,200.

Alberta: SUNSHINE VILLAGE. Opens May 1. Chalet holds 75. **UP** 50.

Far West

British Columbia: GROUSE MT. Skiing good. **UP** 60, **LO** 18, **CR** 1,000.

SKIERS USE ROPE TOW IN DEEP SOUTH

Oregon: MT. HOOD. Snow needed at Gov't Camp. Timberline had more cover, but rain kept it wet. **UP** 250.
WILLAMETTE PASS. **LO** 87, **SN** 0, **CR** 400.

Washington: MT. BAKER. Rain produced heavy, settled base. Guided ski touring will start here March 1. **UP** 136, **LO** 120.
SNOQUALMIE. Thunderbird Restaurant will have ski fashion show March 6. **UP** 104.
WHITE PASS. **UP** 143, **LO** 69, **SN** 4, **CR** 1,200.
PARADISE. Jack Knapp and Marlene Anderson took firsts in ski-achievement tests in the Tacoma News-Tribune ski school.
MT. SPOKANE. **UP** 84, **LO** 60, **CR** 1,000.

Nevada: RENO. Best conditions in the Sierras here. **UP** 65, **SN** 2, **CR** 1,400.

California: SUGAR BOWL. Luiggi Foeger Ski School running to capacity, using 10 instructors on weekends. **UP** 175, **LO** 108.
SQUAW VALLEY. Pete Elliot, new U. of Calif. football coach, put on his first pair of skis here last weekend. **UP** 120, **LO** 42, **SN** 4, **CR** 2,500.
HEAVENLY VALLEY. All 67 motels within five-mile radius full last weekend. **UP** 58.
DEER PARK. Poma lift here carried overflow from Squaw. **UP** 72, **LO** 48, **SN** 0.
MAMMOTH MT. Lodge is adding large dining-recreation room. **UP** 168, **LO** 96, **SN** 19.
SNOW SUMMIT. **UP** 20, **SN** 10, **CR** 3,000.
BADGER PASS. **LO** 66, **SN** 2, **CR** 3,500.
MT. BALDY. Snow more than holding its own. **UP** 40, **LO** 20, **SN** 20, **CR** 2,000.

Check resorts for late condition changes
UP—*inches of snow on upper slopes and trails*
LO—*inches of snow on lower slopes and trails*
SN—*inches of snowfall last week*
CR—*ski crowd last Saturday*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Bill Young; 5—U.P., A.P., Richard Meek; 6—A.P. (2); right, © News Syndicate Co., Inc., U.P., Herald-Sun, Dick Smith, U.P., Tony Triolo, © Fabian Bachrach; 7—R. C. Payne; 13—left, U.P.; 15—Richard Meek; 16, 17—John G. Zimmerman; 18—Arthur Daley; 20, 22—drawings by Alay; 23—Richard Meek, Pittsburgh Press; 24, 25—Marvin Newman (9), Paris-Match; 26, 27—I.N.P., A.P. (2), U.P.; 30, 31—Leo Frutkoff (2), Arlington Park, Hialeah; 32—Judd Gunderson-Los Angeles Times; 38, 39—Hy Peskin; 42—Lloyd T. Flowers-Columbus Citizen; 45—Gilbert Tharp; 46—Harris; 48—Dan Weiner; 50—Fons Iannelli-Pix; 58, 62—Hochi Shimbun; 59—Baseball Magazine; 60—Mainichi Shimbun; 61—U.P.; 64—Jun Miki.

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Bullfighter and Author

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COMING EVENTS

February 28 to March 1

◉ *Television*
★ *Color television*
■ *Network radio*
All times listed E.S.T. except where otherwise noted

Friday, February 28

BADMINTON
The Thomas Cup, American Zone, U.S. vs Canada, Long Beach, Calif. (also March 1).

BASKETBALL
(Leading college games)
Duquesne vs. Temple, Pittsburgh.
North Carolina vs. Duke, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Notre Dame vs. Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind
San Francisco vs. San Jose State, San Francisco
Seattle vs. Pacific Lutheran, Seattle.

BOAT SHOW
San Francisco National Sports and Boat Show San Francisco (through March 9).

BOXING
◉ Carlos Ortiz vs. Tommy Tibbs, lightweights, 1
■ rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, 10 p.m. (NBC).

HOCKEY
World Ice Hockey Championships, Oslo, Nor way (through March 9).
Denver vs. Colorado College, Denver.
Michigan State vs. Minnesota, East Lansing Mich. (also March 1).
North Dakota vs. Michigan Tech, Grand Forks N.Dak. (also March 1).
RPI vs. St. Lawrence, Troy, N.Y.

Saturday, March 1

BASKETBALL
(Leading college games)
Detroit vs. Notre Dame, Detroit.
Drake vs. Oklahoma State, Des Moines.
George Washington vs. West Virginia, Wash ington, D.C.
Kansas vs. Oklahoma, Lawrence, Kans.
Kansas State vs. Missouri, Manhattan, Kans.
North Carolina State vs. Wake Forest, Raleigh N.C.
Tennessee vs. Kentucky, Knoxville, Tenn.
Toledo vs. Dayton, Toledo.
Tulsa vs. Bradley, Tulsa.
Wichita vs. Cincinnati, Wichita, Kans.
(Professional)
◉ Cincinnati at Philadelphia, 2 p.m. (NBC).
Detroit at New York.

GOLF
All-Star Golf. Tommy Bolt vs. Billy Casper Las Vegas, Nev., 4 p.m. in each time zone.

HOCKEY
(Leading college games)
Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven, Conn.
(Professional)
◉ Boston at Chicago, 2 p.m. (CBS).
Detroit at Montreal.
New York at Toronto.

HORSE RACING
◉ Flamingo Stakes, $100,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1⅛ mile
■ Hialeah, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (NBC).
◉ Santa Anita Handicap, $100,000, 3-yr.-olds &
■ up, 1¼ miles, Santa Anita, Calif. (7 p.m. NBC Radio; 4:45 P.S.T., CBS-TV, Pacific Network)
■ New Orleans Handicap, $50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1⅛ miles, Fair Grounds, New Orleans, 5:3 p.m. (NBC).

RODEO
Baton Rouge World Championship Rodeo $10,687, Baton Rouge (through March 8).

SKATING
North American Indoor Speed Skating Cham pionship, Rochester (also March 2).

SKIING
World Nordic Ski championship, Lahti, Finlan (through March 9).

TRACK & FIELD
IC4A Indoor Championships, Mad. Sq. Garden New York.

Sunday, March 2

BASKETBALL
(Professional)
Boston at Syracuse.
Cincinnati at St. Louis.
Philadelphia at Minneapolis.

HOCKEY
Detroit at New York.
Toronto at Chicago

Monday, March 3

BASKETBALL
Leading college games
Nebraska vs. Kansas State, Lincoln, Neb.
St. Louis vs. Oklahoma State, St. Louis.
Wichita vs. Bradley, Wichita, Kans.
Professional
Boston at Cincinnati.

BOXING
● Sugar Hart vs. Duke Harris, welterweights, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (DuMont).

HORSE RACING
Black Helen Handicap, $30,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, fillies and mares, 1⅛ m., Hialeah, Fla.

Tuesday, March 4

BASKETBALL
(Leading college games)
Cincinnati vs. Dayton, Cincinnati.
DePaul vs. Notre Dame, Chicago.
San Francisco vs. College of Pacific, San Francisco.
Professional
New York vs. Boston, Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, at New York.

HORSE RACING
Hialeah Turf Handicap, $75,000, 4-yr.-olds & up, 1½ m., turf, Hialeah, Fla.

MOTORCYCLING
National Motorcycle Championships, Daytona Beach, Fla. (through March 9).

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Wednesday, March 5

BASKETBALL
Professional
New York at Syracuse.
St. Louis at Boston.

BOXING
● Western Golden Gloves Finals, Chicago, 10 p.m. ABC.

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, El Paso, Texas.

Thursday, March 6

BASKETBALL
Leading college tournament
Atlantic Coast Conference Tournament, Raleigh, N.C. (through March 8).
Professional
Los Angeles at Philadelphia.
Detroit at Minneapolis.

HOCKEY
Chicago at Boston.

GOLF
Greater New Orleans Open Invitational, $20,000, New Orleans (through March 9).

RACQUETS
United States Racquets Doubles Championships, New York.

Friday, March 7

BOXING
● Harold Gomes vs. Ike Chestnut, lightweights, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, 10 p.m. (NBC).

RACQUETS
Pell Cup Open Racquets Singles, Chicago.

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, Corpus Christi, Texas.

WRESTLING
Big Ten Championships, Champaign, Ill. (also March 8).

Saturday, March 8

HORSE RACING
Santa Anita Derby, $100,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1¼ m., Santa Anita, Calif., 4:45 P.S.T. (CBS, Pacific Network).
Louisiana Derby, $40,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1¼ m., Fair Grounds, New Orleans.

SKATING
National Indoor Speed Skating Championships, Champaign, Ill. (also March 9).

SKIING
Roch Cup, Aspen, Colo. (also March 9).

TENNIS
Pro Tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, San Antonio, Texas.

TRACK & FIELD
Border Olympics outdoors, Laredo, Texas.
Central Collegiate Championship, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Heptagonal Championships, Ithaca, N.Y.
New York K of C meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.

Sunday, March 9

TENNIS
Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzales, Houston.

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Frank Scherschel—LIFE

THIS WAS OCTOBER

Milwaukee fans, hungering for a National League pennant since the Braves came to town in 1953, jammed the sidewalks last fall to hail their heroes in a triumphant parade celebrating the end of the regular season. Then, nine days later, the city went completely wild after the World Series.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
MARCH 3, 1958

NO MORE ROOM AT THE TOP

by ROY TERRELL

The Braves, having gained the summit of the baseball world, intend to remain there. Here is the story of their climb and the reasons they predict a long reign

ON Saturday morning of this week, not long after breakfast and about the time that all the good baseball fans back in Milwaukee finish shoveling the snow off their sidewalks for the day, Fred Haney will step out into the Florida sun, clatter down the spike-scarred steps of the low, rambling clubhouse in Bradenton and onto the field where the Braves prepare for their summertime heroics each spring.

The clubhouse is located just outside the deep left-field foul line, and so it is that Haney's course toward the center of the diamond will be along a path knee-deep in nostalgia. The Florida training camp may be some thousand miles removed from Yankee Stadium and almost twice that from County Stadium in Milwaukee, but such geographic niceties are of small importance to a man with memories. It is still a ball park.

Here, for example, is the same relative spot where Wes Covington stretched forth an unbelievably long arm to snare Bobby Shantz's line drive and save the second game of the 1957 World Series. Here, as Haney crosses just inside third base, is the hallowed ground where Eddie Mathews made his desperate backhand stop of a sizzling ground ball off Bill Skowron's bat in the seventh game and then stepped on the bag to end the Series. And here, approaching the mound, is where Lew Burdette toiled so dramatically through three long afternoons to earn baseball immortality, not to mention $20,000 in endorsements and appearance fees.

There is every reason in the world why this should be a touching moment. Touching because it is a reminder of the first pennant for the Braves since 1948 and the first world championship since 1914. Touching because a ball club representing Milwaukee had never before won either. And touching because only a year before, Haney's first as Milwaukee manager, the Braves blew the pennant in the last two days of the season and heard the bitter word choke-up ring in their ears through a long and sometimes bitter year.

But Fred Haney probably won't be thinking of last fall at all. He will be thinking ahead. This is partly because he is a brusque little Irishman who lives in the present, carries a chip on his shoulder for the future and has a tendency to sneer at the past. But primarily it is because Haney does not have to live on nostalgia at all. Ahead of the Braves there seems today to be only sweetness and light and a vista of pennants stretching into the years ahead.

No one connected with the ball club is so foolish as to put himself on the spot flatly predicting another pennant even in 1958, but it would take much better acting than is available in this organization to keep the optimism from bubbling through. For the sight which greets Haney when he finally does reach the mound this Saturday morning would probably send a long, melonlike crack across the face of the Sphinx.

Right there waiting to greet him will be the regulars, the famous names who beat the Yankees last year. There may still be a few holdouts, since this will be the first official full-squad day of spring training, and the reluctant signing of contracts is the sort of welcome unpleasantness a pennant winner can expect each spring. But Haney knows who the old faces are and where they belong.

Haney will also see more. Young Casey Wise at second and Joe Morgan at short. Al Spangler and Ray Shearer in the outfield. Carlton Willey and Vic Rehm, Joey Jay and Don Kaiser among the pitchers. And behind these there will be still others, some who have missed in previous tries but could make it this year, some too young and inexperienced to be of help right now, but future major leaguers in the seasons ahead: Gerry Nelson, Antonio Diaz, Don Nottebart, Ken MacKenzie, Humberto Robinson, Ray Rippelmeyer, Phil Paine, Bob Roselli, Mike Roarke, Earl Hersh, Ed Charles, Bob Taylor, John DeMerit. And even behind these are the shadowy figures down in Class B and C and D who are without

continued

MULLEN: ALL THE CREDIT BELONGS . . .

NO MORE ROOM *continued*

names except in the neat files of the front office where it is happily noted how well so many can run and field and hit and throw.

What Fred Haney will be looking at is baseball's newest great dynasty.

Frank Lane, then general manager of the Cards, was honest enough last fall to express the fears of the entire National League. "We may have missed our last chance," he said, "to beat them for years."

And now that Lane has moved out of the league entirely, over to the Cleveland Indians, he can still find time to marvel at the Braves. "They are now," he says, "to the National League what the Yankees have been for years in the American. The team that won last year is deep enough and young enough, and behind that they have done a tremendous job in scouting and in their farm system. Their reign could be a long one."

Frank Lane is enough of a baseball man to have spotted instantly the secret of Milwaukee's success last year and the formula which could keep the Braves on top for years to come. It is the same story that has been told before about other baseball dynasties, Branch Rickey's old Cards and the Dodgers of 1947 to '56 which were also largely Rickey's) and the present Yankees, whose reign goes back in a more or less unbroken line to 1936. It is the story of an inspired and forward-looking front office and the farm system that two men, John Quinn and John Mullen, have developed.

In recent years when the talk has swung around to farm systems, baseball men have usually ended up talking about the Yankees. They sign the best boys and more of them, then raise them in a manner most conducive to success (SI, July 22, 1957). But today, when the subject arises, there are always two teams mentioned. The Yankees and the Braves.

This spring, out of 41 ballplayers on the Milwaukee roster, 32 have come up through the farm system. And of those who have not, most are the older players like Schoendienst and Pafko and Del Rice. Of the others at the training camp, promising youngsters still on minor league rosters but called in for an extra glance because of great promise, virtually every one has been home-grown by the Braves.

These things do not just happen and they did not just happen here. For the Braves, it began in 1946 when John Quinn was in his second season as general manager and a man named Harry Jenkins was farm director.

"The first thing they did," says Mullen, who at the time was a 22-year-old typist working for Lou Perini's construction company in Boston, "was to accumulate some good scouts. Scouts are the secret. No matter how smart you may be at the top of your organization, you have to have the scouts. We have been tremendously lucky to have fellows like Johnny Moore and Bill Marshall on the West Coast, Jeff Jones in New England, Dewey Griggs in New York and Canada, Honey Russell around New York City, Gil English in the South and John Ogden in Pennsylvania.

"If Moore doesn't come up with Mathews and Crandall and recommend the deal on Burdette, for example, or if Griggs doesn't find Aaron and Covington and Logan, you have nothing. And you have to keep coming up with the exceptional player even after you are at the top. You have to get the Pizarros to stay there. Your scouts can never let down."

Mullen worked his way up through the organization as a typist, secretary, assistant to Jenkins and finally became farm director himself when Jenkins met an Australian girl in French Lick, Ind., married her and moved to Australia in 1951. Mullen feels that if there was a key period in the Braves' drive to the top, it came in 1952.

"We were really at the bottom," says this pleasant, boyish faced young man who is almost certain not to marry an Australian girl and leave the country since he already has a wife and three children in Milwaukee. "We hadn't won a pennant in years, we didn't have many ballplayers, no one was coming to see us play and we were hurting for dough. Our finances were actually embarrassing.

"Yet John Quinn never let up. He kept right on spending money where it would do the most good and he kept on building. It was then that we signed a lot of our best young players —Aaron and Mantilla and Torre and Covington and some of the others you haven't seen much of yet. It was right then, when it would have been so easy to quit, that Quinn just worked a little harder."

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT

Mullen admits he is probably the No. 1 member of the John Quinn fan club. "He has been the inspiration of this whole organization. Mr. Perini has been wonderful and he never squawked about spending money but it was Quinn who built the organization. He is a brilliant baseball man and so honest and fair that it hurts. He may never be named the big league executive of the year (gosh knows he deserved it last year) just because he's so quiet. But he has the ability to inspire those who work under him. John Quinn's door," says Mullen, "is always open.

"A scout can call me in the middle of the night and I talk to him. And then, if I need to, I call Quinn. In all these years he hasn't once complained about having to get out of bed.

"About 1953 we could really start to see that we had the good young players. And since then we have just continued to improve. I would say we have the material right now to

ILLINOIS SCHOOLBOY Bob Taylor cost Braves a near-record bonus of $119,000

just keep pennants rolling in. Of course, we don't like to predict pennants but . . . well, it's there."

Another thing there today which was notable chiefly for its absence in 1952 is money. As Mullen and Quinn both point out, Perini never pulled shut the purse strings even in those blackest years, but it is comforting to a general manager and his staff to be able to spend money which the ball club is making itself. And, of course, the move to Milwaukee in 1953 set off the biggest bonanza in baseball history. Last year, according to figures supplied by James G. Lippert, an attorney and supervisor of the board which insisted recently that the Braves pay more rental in 1958 for the use of County Stadium, the Milwaukee Baseball Club had a net taxable income in 1957 of $1,417,690. After expenses and taxes, the Braves netted $725,000, which will buy a number of young ballplayers even at today's prices.

"Even without a solid farm system," says John Mullen with simple candor, "I think that we could win the pennant now for three or four years. But with all these kids, we are not only going to hold our own but improve. This is the best farm system in the National League."

"This means," says Quinn, "a surplus of good young players in your system. In a trade you can afford to give more for a key player than he is worth. But in turn you get that key player who can win a pennant for you that year. The Yankees have been doing it for a long time. Now we feel that we can, too."

Nevertheless, Quinn and Mullen worry about the perils of complacency. So does Fred Haney. "Last spring, after we blew the 1956 pennant," he says, "I told the boys to forget it. This was another year. Well, that's exactly what I'm telling them this year. On March 1 we cease to be champions of the world. We'll just be one of eight ball clubs trying to win a pennant. And it's going to take the same amount of work and determination as last year if we are to repeat in '58—perhaps more."

If the Braves approach the 1958 season with their enthusiasm curbed by caution, it is because they know that strange things can happen in a 154-game season. Didn't they have the best team in 1956 and still lose? And certainly the rest of the league isn't ready to give the pennant away in March.

"The Braves can be taken," says Fred Hutchinson of the Cards. "The Cardinals or any one of five clubs can win the National League pennant. We gave the Braves a rough battle last year and we can do it again."

WISCONSIN COLLEGIAN John DeMerit signed with Braves for even $100,000.

WITH A LITTLE BIT O' LUCK

Of such stout opinions are pennant races made. On the other hand, there is also the possibility that the Braves could win in a breeze. Last year the ball club was so hard hit by injuries that Del Crandall, the No. 1 catcher, at one time had to play left field. Joe Adcock was out two-thirds of the season with injuries and Bill Bruton more than half. Covington didn't become a regular nor Red Schoendienst even join the club until midseason. Bob Buhl and Burdette each missed several turns on the mound. Yet the Braves won the pennant by eight games. With luck, it could be even easier now.

There is always the other kind of luck to take into consideration, though, and Haney is a little concerned about the incomparable Schoendienst. Despite a large number of very promising young second basemen in the system, the Braves feel they must get one more good year out of the redhead before the kids can take over. "But I don't expect him to have to play 154 games," says Haney. "That's why we have guys like Mantilla and Wise."

Bruton's knee is even more of a question mark than Schoendienst's age but more easily compensated for by the material on hand: Bob Hazle, Andy Pafko and the rookies, hard-hitting Shearer and the swift Spangler. And there is always the problem of getting a full season out of Joe Adcock, a big, powerful man who is not necessarily brittle but often appears to be an accident looking for a place to happen.

. . . TO A NICE GUY NAMED JOHN QUINN

Basically, however, the Braves have few worries. This is a solid ball club with a great deal of power (they led the league in home runs even with Adcock out), marvelous pitching ("I don't say we'll have the best pitching staff," says Haney, "but we'll have the deepest. It will be our strongest point"), an adequate and improving defense and good depth.

Frank Torre is a slick gloveman with sharp left-handed hitting to complement Adcock's power and is without a doubt the best second-string first baseman in either league. Schoendienst is still Schoendienst and Johnny Logan at short is perhaps the most underrated ballplayer on the club. Eddie Mathews, with his tremendous power and constantly improving ability afield, is the premier third baseman in the game.

If there is a certain amount of indecision over one outfield position, no one questions the other two. Henry Aaron has already won a batting championship, a home run and RBI title and the Most Valuable Player award—and he is still a growing boy. Covington, despite his World Series heroics, may require additional polishing in left field but no one has complained about his hitting. In less than 100 games he drove in 65 runs and hit 21 homers.

Crandall may never have the big year at the plate which it was once fashionable to predict for him, but he

continued on page 55

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Meek, John G. Zimmerman and Arthur Daley

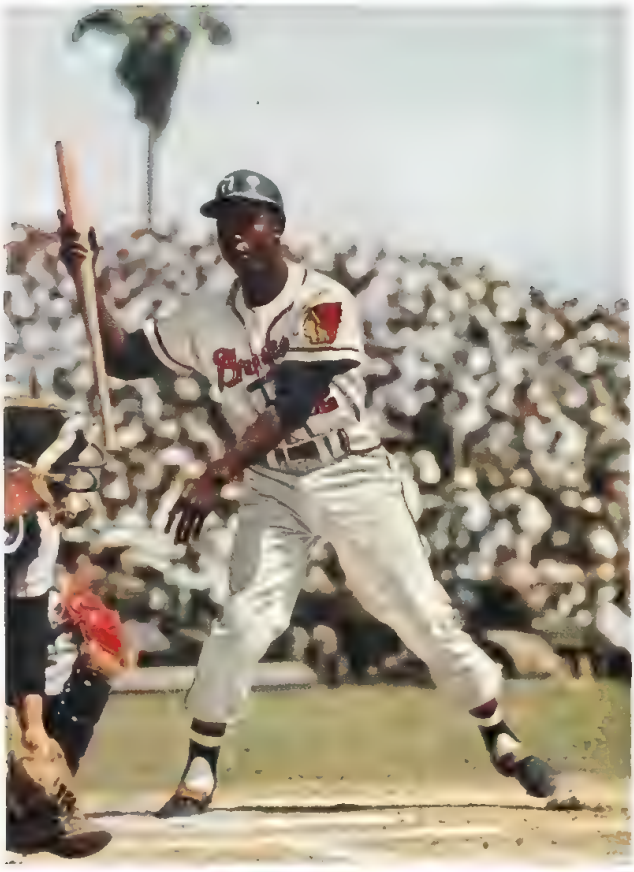
The Rites of Spring

In a lovely, lazy setting under the sun, ballplayers battle for jobs—and for pennants still to be won

In the spring of 1886 old Cap Anson took his Chicago White Stockings to Hot Springs, Ark., and Harry Wright sent his Phillies to Charleston, S.C. in order to toughen up the winter-softened muscles of their athletes in the heat of the southern sun. By so doing, they stole a march on the rest of baseball. In the years since, however, no ball club has been able to sneak off to spring training alone. Today the mass migration of more than 500 big-league ballplayers to 16 camps in Florida and Arizona has become an annual ritual almost as much a part of the game as the World Series itself.

For years spring training was often maligned as a place where healthy young men spent their days lazily throwing a baseball around against a tropical background of palm trees and blue lagoons and their off-duty hours in revelry at the beaches, golf courses, nightclubs and horse tracks. "Spring training camps," Frankie Frisch once said, "are country clubs without dues." Nowadays, however, spring training is an all-out effort to get ready for the season ahead. In more than six weeks of tough, daily workouts and in enough exhibition games to fill one-fifth of a regular schedule, veterans get in shape, rookies play above their heads to win jobs, and managers plot and plan and experiment to patch up the holes which everyone now knows existed the year before. "Pennants," Branch Rickey has said, "are won in the spring."

Perhaps no spot is more typical of baseball's rites of spring than the one on the opposite page: Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg. Here, where the Cardinals train and both the Cards and Yankees play their "home" games, are all of the elements: sun, sky, sea, grass, palm trees—and baseball.



RELAXED Brave Henry Aaron lets low ball go by as shirtsleeved crowd basks in sun at Al Lang Field.

CHAGRINED Reds hear lecture from Manager Tebbetts, who scoots over Tampa's Plant Field in golf cart.

HAPPY Cardinals rest in dugout during a game at St. Petersburg while Stan Musial grins boyishly at camera.

EAGER Yankees Enos Slaughter and Joe Collins hop out of a cab at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg after a short ride from their training camp.

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PRETTY cowgirls and faraway mountains form enticing Arizona backdrop at Scottsdale Field as Oriole Manager Paul Richards lectures rookies.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

S. 3282

SENATOR ED THYE of Minnesota took an action last week that could make him the patron saint of Ted Williams, Stan Musial, Mickey Mantle and thousands of other professional athletes. What did Ed Thye do? He dropped in the hopper of the U.S. Senate a bill (S.3282) to allow professional athletes a special income-tax deduction "for depletion of physical resources." If the Thye bill goes through, the Congress of the United States will have written into law the recognition of a rather obvious point: that a professional athlete does give out eventually, just like an oilman's oil well.

Beautiful, Schemin' Squaw

WITHIN HOURS, a traveler heading westward from Nevada to the Pacific can pass from burning desert sands through mountains blanketed with snow and into valleys lush with greenery, for the area surrounding California's Sierra mountains offers weather and topography as varied as any in the world. Perched in the very heart of this climatic kaleidoscope is Squaw Valley, the relatively unknown winter resort that was picked as the site of the 1960 Olympic Winter Games.

Since the Games will be held in mid-February exactly two years from now, mid-February seemed a good time to look over the site. Hence, last week, Nevada newspaperman Guy Shipler joined a group of reporters riding a wayward bus along the 45 miles of mostly two-laned and often pockmarked road from Reno, the nearest city, to the valley. "Our self-guided tour," he wired SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, "made two points clear. First, though there has been no big construction to indicate much progress yet, there is little doubt that the valley itself and the Olympic village will be ready in time. Second, though the $8 million construction program will amply care for the athletes, it makes little or no provision for the 35,000 spectators who are expected to journey out to the site each day."

Shipler, like many another local resident, was most worried about the fact that present plans call only for a widening of the single road that is the only entrance to and exit from the valley. What would happen, they asked, if the kind of unheralded blizzard that brought death to the Donner party in the same region last century and held a Southern Pacific train snowbound for five days only seven years ago should suddenly blow up?

The weather in Squaw has been unseasonably mild this February. Last

continued

JIMMY AND BEN JONES AGAIN HAVE DOUBLE THREAT IN 1958 DERBY
—News Item

Whoever thought anyone could keep up with the Joneses?

week it was raining in the valley when the reporters arrived, but on the chair lift just over their heads the clothes of passengers turned white with snow driven by an icy blast of wind. A quick drop of temperature of even a few degrees could well have blocked their exit. Soft, moist Pacific air, whipped over the sharp mountain ridges, has been known to dump huge quantities of snow into the valleys almost without warning, giving the Sierras the highest average fall in the U.S. Ceaseless high winds in the area pile up the result in drifts that defy all removal equipment.

It is certain enough that there will be sufficient snow in Squaw Valley for the winter Olympians of two years hence. Chances are the spectators will watch them in crisp, fine weather. But what if a storm comes up? "These mountains," a valley man whose dog team has rescued many a stranded traveler told Shipler, "is like some women, schemin' and calculatin' underneath, but all you see is that still, soft beauty on a bright, blue-sky day. Then, first thing you know, she's changed her mind and the snow's comin' down horizontal and the wind's roarin' and she's got you pinned to the wall and you've had it."

Casey Warms Up

THE SPRING TRAINING season is in its early stages, but Casey Stengel is already in advanced form. The Yankees' manager, like all men with a flair for comedy, revises his material to match the times.

At the Yankees' rookie school in St. Petersburg, Casey was admiring the booming drives hit by Deron Johnson, currently the most fabulous rookie the Yankees admit to having under contract.

"Reminds me of Judnich," said Stengel to no one in particular.

A baseball writer, puzzled, asked, "You mean Walt Judnich, the guy that played with the St. Louis Browns and Cleveland?"

"No, no, no," frowned Stengel. "He hits 'em like that thing the Russians shoot up into the air."

Oh, No!

IF there's anything worse than being defeated by an ancient rival, it's having him be nice to you about it afterward. According to an alumni newsletter just sent out from Cambridge, no less than two Yalemen have recently made sizable donations to Harvard's stepped-up fund-raising drive. What made this difficult for some loyal Harvardmen to endure, in a year when the memory of a 54-0 defeat at the hands of the Big Blue still

rankles, was the fact that one generous Yalie had noted on his $1,000 gift: "This donation is so completely unrestricted that I wouldn't object if you used it as a down payment on a couple of reasonably good football players."

Something New Every Day

THE chubby Argentine with the firm foot and the gentle manner was unusually expansive the other afternoon as he guided his Chevy sedan through the traffic of Buenos Aires. Juan Manuel Fangio, balding at 46 but still the best race-car driver in the world, drove cautiously.

"I've decided to give up racing, little by little," he was saying to a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED correspondent who tagged along. "In short, I won't try to win the world title again this year. I plan to compete only in two or three races to which I am bound through old loyalties. I now want to get out of racing altogether. All my time is taken up by my auto sales and service business."

Fangio drove on, his eyes attentive to the traffic. He kept a proper distance from the car ahead of him and on his side of the road, moving as discreetly as a fellow driving without a license.

After a time he went on. "I am not the world's best driver. There are plenty of good ones. I never won a race because I am a better racer than my rivals. It's just that I drove the best car. When I won with a bad car it was simply because the other cars were worse than mine. There is no secret in driving racing cars. The clue lies in trusting the car and having confidence in yourself.

"However," added Fangio, "you learn something new every day."

Fangio might almost have had a premonition. A few days later, in Havana, he learned that his name and fame had made him a piece well worth the capture in the rough-and-ready chess game of Cuban politics.

Fangio was chatting with friends in the lobby of his Havana hotel Sunday evening. He and his Maserati had just turned in the fastest time trials of any for Monday's Grand Prix along the Malecon when a stranger shoved a .45 into his back and told him to march straight ahead. Outside was a waiting car. Fangio and his kidnaper were driven off at something more

They Said It

GLEN ROSE, *Arkansas basketball coach: "You can tell interest has increased in Southwest Conference basketball this season. They've already hung two coaches in effigy."*

HARRY STUHLDREHER, *quarterback of Notre Dame's historic Four Horsemen, talking about his golf: "I was taught at an early age to get big scores, and I can't change for the life of me."*

WILLIE MAYS *of the San Francisco Giants, on completing a film for television: "That acting ain't easy. First they give you a script and then they ask you to learn it by heart. Then, worst of all, they make you say the words like you really mean it."*

than the speed Fangio himself prefers in municipal traffic.

Telephone calls soon after presented an explanation of sorts. "This is the 26th of July speaking," the voice said. "We kidnaped Fangio." Why? The voice on the telephone gave no answer, but Cubans understood. Agents of the rebel leader Fidel Castro had found a way of proving in headlines the world over that President Fulgencio Batista can not insure the peace and safety of Cuba.

Monday came and no Fangio. As the 2 p.m. race time approached, rumor and counterrumor swept through Havana. Fangio had been released in a suburb. He was being hustled to the Malecon starting line with a strong police escort. Fangio had not been released after all. Meanwhile, the race got under way. No one will ever know who might have won, for not long after the start a small Ferrari plunged from the course, cutting down ranks of bystanders. Moments later, five more cars skidded on the course—oil, spread by rebel sabotage or from the racing cars themselves. The rest of the race was called off.

Wherever he was at that hour, Juan Manuel Fangio was entitled to feel more than ever attracted to his auto business in Buenos Aires.

"Speaking of calculated risks, did I ever tell you about the 14th hole at . . .?"

Fat Purse for Cockell

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS is a concept interpreted variously in the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union. Here it is considered fair comment when a boxing writer, serving as critic and expert evaluator for the fans, accurately describes a pudgy pugilist as "overweight and flabby" and holds that he did not train properly. It is indeed the American sportswriter's duty to report such deficiencies.

Don Cockell, the former British heavyweight champion who bellied his way through nine dreadful rounds against Rocky Marciano at San Francisco in 1955, picked up a $21,000 libel verdict against London's *Daily Mail* last week because the *Mail* had described him and another fighter as "two fat and horizontal lie-abouts . . . who went into the ring overweight and flabby, which is why both finished in the second round." Cockell, said the newspaper, had not troubled himself to train "as he should."

Much worse has been written about American fighters—the comparable Tony Galento, for instance—without a murmur of protest, but Cockell sued and won. Fat? He was just naturally thick-set, said Cockell, "overweight right from a child." Those belly rolls, explained counsel, were muscle. Train? "I trained as hard as I could," though, to be sure, he did not care for roadwork in wet weather and regarded running as "an occupational disease" which must be put up with.

So the jury found for Cockell, and British sportswriters now will think twice before they call a pot a pot. The inability of the British press to criticize fighters like Cockell adequately because of restrictive interpretations of libel may have something to do with the fact that insignificant nonentities like Cockell and Joe Erskine, champions both, are actually superior representatives of the sport in Britain.

The First Bounce?

MRS. JOHN DUSENBERRY, an attractive young archaeologist with New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, was supervising a digging in a muddy cemetery on the Greek island of Samothrace last spring when her native workmen quite suddenly burst into laughter. "A soccer ball," said one, beside himself with hilarity. "A volleyball," said another, handing her up a small, round object. "A basketball," cried the delighted Mrs. Dusenberry, being an American.

Necropolitan levity is not, of course, the usual thing with archaeologists and their laborers. It was produced here because the terra-cotta sphere had such a remarkable likeness to a modern ball. This, apparently, is sufficient in the rigorous and sober world of excavation to beget a bigger boff than a Bob Hope one-liner.

Because of other models Mrs. Dusenberry and her crew had found in the graveyard—such as miniature

continued

pomegranates—the ball was immediately accepted by all of them as a replica of something considerably larger. It was one and a half inches in diameter and was marked off in polygonal sections representing leather panels. Along one seam was a short, narrow ridge, flanked by rows of depressed dots. The ridge, Mrs. Dusenberry surmises, was the opening where the ancient Samothracians in-

serted an animal bladder, and, after they blew it up, the ball was tied together with thongs laced through the holes, depicted as dots on the model.

Mirth aside, what was astonishing about Mrs. Dusenberry's discovery was that it was the earliest evidence of a pneumatic ball in history and, indeed, the only replica of one ever found. Until its discovery, the first reference to a pneumatic ball was contained in the writings of the Roman epigrammatist Martial (circa 100 A.D.), who refers to a *follis* or bladder suitable for use in games by the very young or old on account of its lightness.

Mrs. Dusenberry's ball was manufactured about 280 B.C. when Samothrace was the center of a celebrated mystery religion. The island had no commerce or industry to speak of then, making its living off the tourists who came there to be initiated into the beneficial mysteries of the cult. "There was no athletic significance to the religion," Mrs. Dusenberry says, "outside of the wild dances they presumably had."

The ball was found in the remains of a large jar in which two people had been interred. "One of them must have belonged to some ball club, I suppose," says Mrs. Dusenberry. She is versed in such matters, having been a Giant fan until the team moved west. "I gave it up then out of pique," she explains bitterly.

There is no hard theory accounting for the presence of the ball in the grave. One hypothesis is that the Samothracians buried objects with the deceased which they used in life and which were to be employed in the afterlife or on the journey to the next world. Although one can readily imagine the occupants of the jar munching pomegranates while outward bound, Mrs. Dusenberry agrees that it is somewhat farfetched to expect that they were intended to play catch.

Never Say Fluke

WILL FISHERMEN in New England waters stop saying scup and start saying porgy? Will those around Chesapeake Bay refer to rockfish by their proper name, which is striped bass? Will Long Island charterboats cease advertising that fluke is plentiful when they mean summer flounder? If so, the Outdoor Writers Association of America, which has just published a revised list of proper names for game fish, will be grateful.

The Outdoor Writers are trying to put some order into the nomenclature of fish around the country and off its shores. To that end, they have compiled a booklet entitled *Standard Check List of Common Names for Principal American Sport Fishes.* (For copies, write OWAA, 7 St. Paul St., Baltimore 2, Md.)

It is high time, the writers suggest, that people stop calling the swordfish a broadbill. Regretfully, they also advise, it would be better to lump certain favorites of the legendary small boy with tin can of worms and bent-pin hook into one broad classification. Thus, the bluegill, stumpknocker, pumpkinseed and shellcracker henceforth would be known as sunfish.

In some cases the writers have put off taking a definite stand. They find fishermen about equally divided on the question of weakfish vs. sea trout, and so they have listed both names as acceptable for the time being.

An introduction to the list expresses the hope that writers and all others having occasion to discuss fish will go along with the new list and that, in time, all traces of sectionalism will vanish from fish stories.

In Washington, Dr. Lionel Walford of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service agreed to comment on the new list. "People," he said, "will probably ignore it. If you tell people in northern California that henceforth they are fishing for rockfish, they'll tell you to go soak your head. They'll go on fishing for striped bass."

The doctor got it backwards (the writers are trying to standardize striped bass and not rockfish), but his point is clear, nevertheless. Anyone for scup?

Distinction

Who are these two posed together,
Both looking so pleased and so posh?
The one at the left's a squash champion,
The other's a champion squash.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

No Script

THE SWITCHBOARD at station KTVT in Salt Lake City began humming almost as soon as the 90-minute show was over.

"Exciting," the callers said. "When will you have more?"

The calls were in response to an experiment made by Paul James, sports director of the station. He had televised a college wrestling match between the University of Utah and Brigham Young, on the hunch that old-fashioned, unrehearsed wrestling, in this case, college wrestling, would prove a welcome relief in the era of pro wrestling circuses.

The hunch stood up.

Next day the station was flooded with letters all asking for more such shows. James is pretty sure he'll do it again, although he might have to stage it outside the studio to handle the live audience. A crowd of 150—largest ever to watch college wrestling in Salt Lake City—turned up at the studio to watch the matches.

FOCUS

CONTAMINATION OR COMPETITION?

GARDNER "ADVISES"

As Professor of Christian Thought at Drake University, Dr. Frank Gardner must be familiar with the Biblical text: "In my Father's house are many mansions"—a favorite for sermons deploring discrimination. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has no desire to sermonize, but it does occur to us that the text applies equally well to the house which Dr. Gardner serves, ably for the most part, in his second capacity as President of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, an organization dedicated to the preservation of the amateur status of young athletes. The question is whether Dr. Gardner feels there is room in this house for any other athletes.

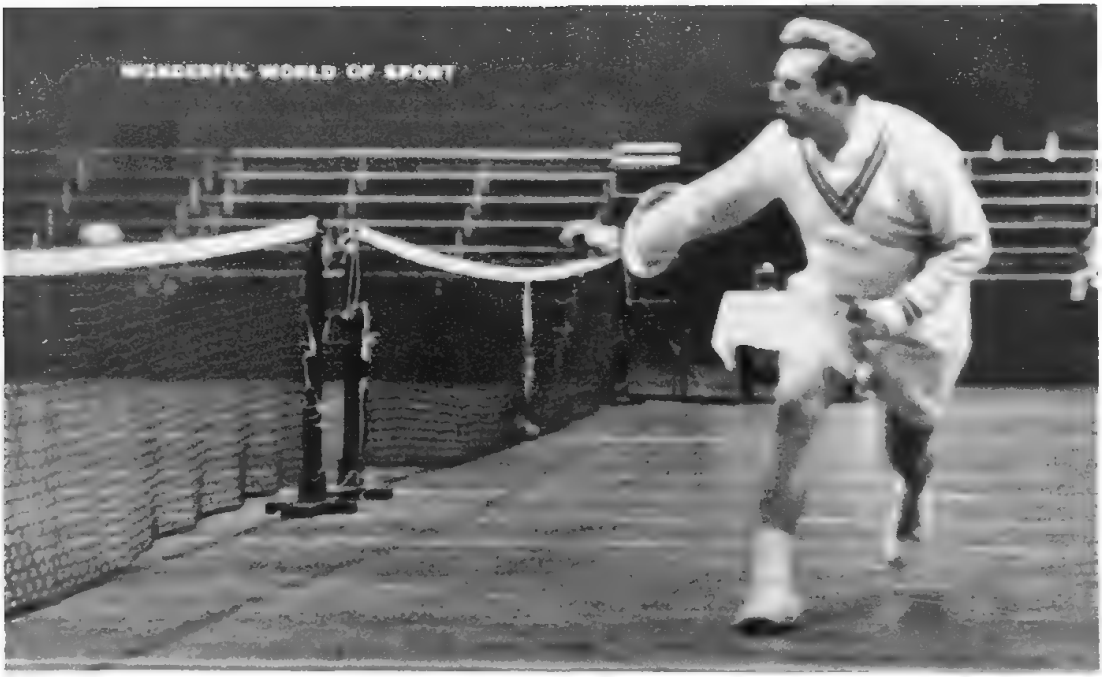
This question was raised last week with the announcement that the University of Pittsburgh was about to close a deal giving the National (pro) Football League's Steelers the right to play in its stadium. In response, Dr. Gardner dispatched a hasty telegram to Pitt Chancellor Edward Litchfield decrying any such action. "We didn't warn him," said the NCAA head. "It was just in the nature of advice." However, he added, there was a strong possibility that future NCAA legislation would specifically forbid any such deal.

Why? Dr. Gardner was vagueness personified. "We're just trying," he said, "to keep intercollegiate athletics as amateur as possible." Many professional football teams throughout the land are already playing in amateur stadiums with no NCAA objection. Many more hope to. The University of Pennsylvania recently made arrangements to admit the Philadelphia Eagles to its stadium. The Pitt project is one which concerns all local sports fans vitally in that it might mean life or death for the Steelers as a Pittsburgh club since their own Forbes Field (capacity 35,000) is designed for baseball and has long proved inadequate for football. Among local civil and scholastic authorities the prevailing view is that the uses to which the university puts its stadium are just none of Dr. Gardner's or the NCAA's business.

This seems reasonable. We don't know what Dr. Gardner is afraid of. If it is only competition at the box office, that scarcely seems a fit topic for consideration on the basis of pure amateurism. If, on the other hand, the fears are mostly of possible contamination, that would seem to indicate a sad lack of faith in the principles for which the NCAA stands.

Prejudice and discrimination tend to reach a panic peak when lines of natural demarcation become faintest. If pros and amateurs are now so nearly indistinguishable that a mere sharing of premises will wipe out the difference, the distinction is only academic. This magazine believes that there is a definite distinction and that there is room for both pros and amateurs in the same world and, for the matter of that, in the same stadium.

PITT STADIUM WAITS WITH OPEN ARMS AND 60,000 SEATS TO WELCOME AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL FANS ALIKE



GOVERNOR ROBERT MEYNER RUSHES HEADLONG ACROSS COURT FOR BACKHAND RETURN. HIS SHOT, SKIMMING NET, WON POINT

BOB MEYNER PERFORMS IN A NEW ARENA

The most honorable, if not the most celebrated, player in the national indoor tennis tournaments in Manhattan last week was Robert B. Meyner, the Democratic governor of New Jersey and a candidate (so some say) for the U.S. presidency in 1960. Paired with Davis Cup Veteran Gardnar Mulloy and togged out in a knit shirt designed (so the label said) by Lew Hoad, Meyner opined before his senior doubles matches began: "If Gardnar will watch seven-eighths of the court and leave the rest to me, we'll make the semifinals." Sure enough, Mulloy and the governor set down W. D. Cunningham and Edward Dame 6-3, 11-9 in

GOVERNOR SHAKES HANDS WITH CUNNINGHAM AND DAME AFTER THE MATCH

TROOPER ATTENDS BOSS IN LOCKER ROOM

HELEN MEYNER APPLAUDS HUSBAND'S GAME WITH MODERATION

the first match. And a default carried them through the quarter-finals. But in the semis, while Meyner covered his eighth of the court, Jeff Mendel and Ed Tarangioli, both Republicans, dispatched Mulloy hither and yon, won the match 7-5, 6-3.

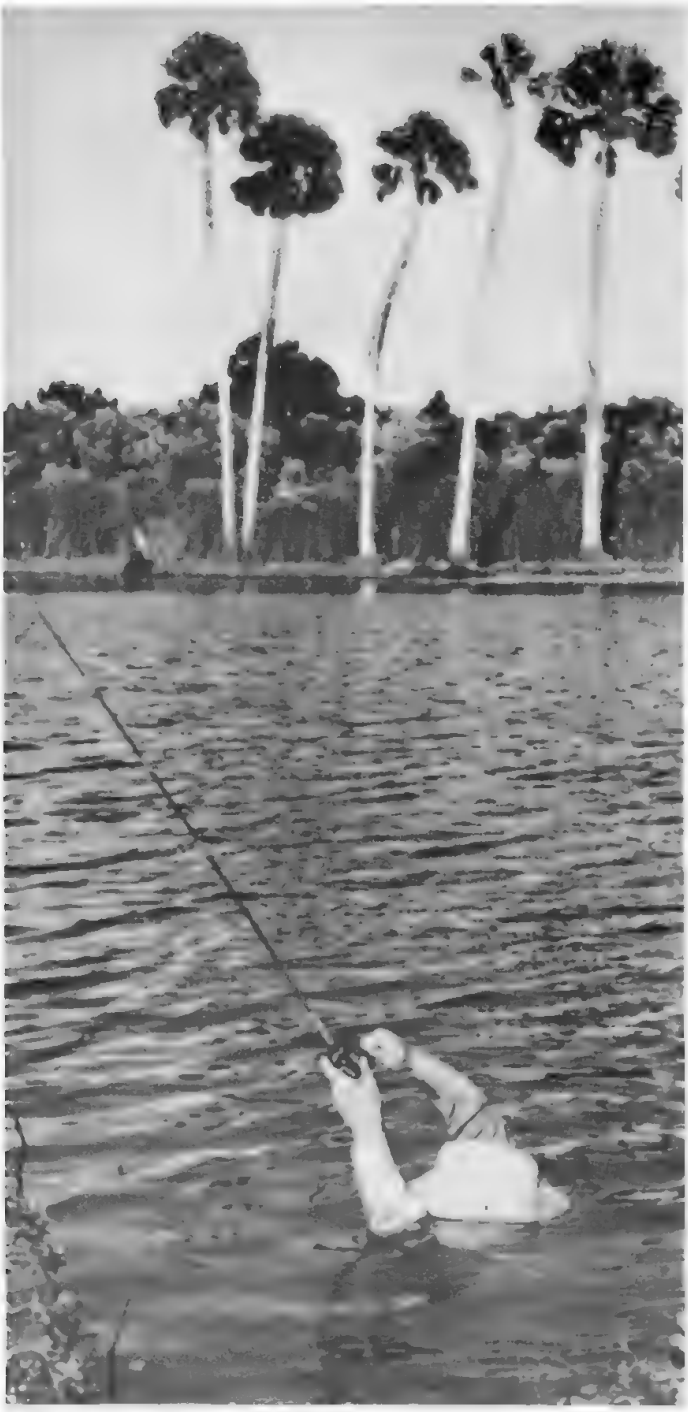
Said Mulloy afterward: "Will you play with me again in 1960 when you're President?" The governor took the serve neatly and lobbed back: "Will you play with me again in 1960 if I'm still governor?" Meyner then caught the next plane to Washington for a Democratic dinner, left the national senior doubles title for Berkeley Bell and Edgar Nye.

MULLOY, MEYNER PLOT GAME STRATEGY BEFORE SEMIFINALS

. . . AND SO DOES MLLE. BARDOT

Brigitte Bardot, fetching French actress who turns up in just about every other movie house these days, turned up at Cortina, scene of the 1956 Winter Olympics. The French press said it all had to do with love: she had fallen out of love with her fiancé and in love with a married man; it was too much, and doctors ordered a vacation in the mountains. To pass the hours in Cortina, Brigitte undertook to learn ice skating. On her first day (*above*) she managed perhaps the most stricken look of her career.

SERIOUS SIDE OF IT ALL



LOOK, MA, NO HEAD, but very model of submarine composure is Charles F. Waterman of De Land, Fla., who stepped into a deep pocket while wading St. Johns River. Living up to his name, Waterman struggled onward and upward, dutifully retrieving his lure while his resourceful wife took this picture.

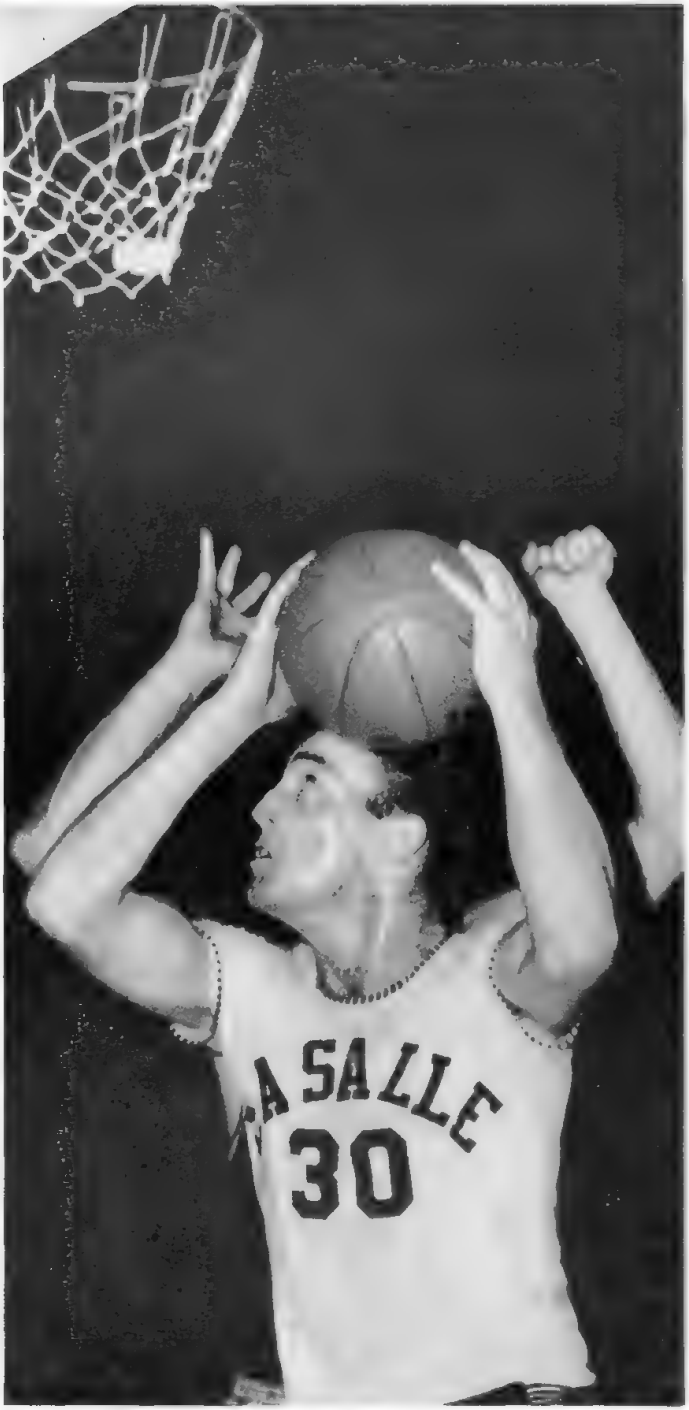
LOOK, DUCHESS, no trouble at all, surprised Duke of Windsor seems to say as he blasts out of sand with cigaret at rakish dangle while

LOOK, VOTERS, HERE'S HOW. While quail hunting with George M. Humphrey in Thomasville, President Eisenhower serenely and

As the first comedy writer learned, the shortest, and surest, route to a laugh is to examine man in earnest endeavor. To wit, the pictures below

playing Glen Arven course, Thomasville, Ga. Duke was guest of retired Investment Banker Charles Cushing at his nearby plantation.

incorrectly clasps his hands over gun barrels. Secretary Hagerty supplied happy, irascible ending by explaining weapon was unloaded.



LOOK, COACH, FOUR HANDS, and the momentary answer to an alumnus' prayer is Hugh Brolly of La Salle College about to score a basket against West Chester Teachers at Philadelphia. But truth, alas, must out: two of the hands are the property of West Chester's Terry Gorman. Oh yes, La Salle won 68–66.

CAROL HEISS SEES PARIS AT LAST

STRIDING TRIUMPHANTLY up the Champs-Elysées as though in a musical comedy, Carol momentarily brings traffic to a halt, an inconvenience any Frenchman worthy of his gallantry would gladly suffer for a pretty girl. The bad weather, *hélas*, prevented her from seeing the Eiffel Tower, Montmartre and Saint-Germain des Prés.

When Carol Heiss arrived in Paris from Ozone Park, N.Y. to defend her world figure skating title for the second time, she suffered from a bad cold and was unable to accept any dates to go on the celebrated town. Then the rigorous training regimen began and her coach decided there should be nothing but work for Carol until she won the championship. A fortnight ago Carol won it in spectacular fashion and at last saw Paris. Although the day was drear and rainy she gaily inspected several fashionable *boutiques*, lunched in a *bistro* (steak and *pommes frites*) where she cautiously sampled both a red and a white wine. She went to the opera, ate her very first oyster (she didn't particularly like it) and supped late in the food market district of Les Halles (*soupe à l'oignon gratinée*). Carol's judgment of Paris: "*Magnifique.*" Which was Paris' judgment of Carol.

Photographs by Jean Marquis

IN CARVEN'S, Carol tries on a new shade of lipstick, compliments of the *boutique*. She was also presented with a bottle of perfume, although she rarely uses any.

CAROL IS DISMAYED AS SISTER NANCY TAKES HUGE HELPING OF ICE CREAM. MIDDLEMAN IS M. POTIN, ATHLETIC CLUB OFFICIAL

IN DIOR'S, delighted Carol tries on a hat from the Dior-Saint Laurent spring collection. She was greatly impressed by the *très* chic décor and the elegant models.

OOHING OVER a Dior-Saint Laurent dress, Carol cannot suppress her enchantment. She was complimented by the fashion writers, incidentally, for her tasteful, nontheatrical skating costumes.

LOOKING OVER a skate before packing Carol checks the blade edge. She is presently engaged in a 20-day skating tour o London, Düsseldorf, Cologne and Vienna

ZERO HOUR ON THE TRAIL TO GOLD AND GLORY

HORSE TRADER Bull Hancock, 48, is ready to sell anything anytime, has boosted value of Nadir from $40,000 to $1 million. Shrewd Kentuckian says, "Of course the price could go up again on Saturday."

HORSE BUYER Allie E. Reuben of Toledo is leading supporter of grass racing, has paid high prices for foreign-bred horses. Reuben hopes the lightly raced, American-born Alarullah is a classic contender.

Anxious owners watch their horses go for the Flamingo, first pointer to the 1958 Derby

by WHITNEY TOWER

FOR the three owners of race horses pictured on these pages, and for some others, a moment of peculiar anguish will occur shortly before 5 p.m. this Saturday. That is when a dozen or so sleek Thoroughbreds will step hesitatingly into Hialeah's starting gate to await an electrical impulse that will send them barreling out and on their way in the mile-and-an-eighth Flamingo Stakes.

Of most obvious concern to the owners will be the fact that the Flamingo winner earns approximately $100,000 for his stable in a race which has come to be the traditional opening of the year's program of major events for 3-year-olds. But even more nerve-racking will be the knowledge that this could be the beginning of the rainbow trail which leads not only to a pot of gold, but to that highest and very special form of glory for which horsemen and women gamble so much in disappointment, loyalty, persistence and cash. For it is to the Flamingo—and to its California counterpart, the March 8 Santa Anita Derby—that we first look for the identity of this year's Kentucky Derby winner.

After two months of racing in their new age bracket, it would appear—on the surface, at least—as though the 1958 3-year-old crop has divided itself rather neatly: half a dozen colts of top ranking, another dozen or so in a questionable category and the rest, as they say, way up the track. This picture, of course, won't remain static. Thoroughbreds have made a habit over the years of fooling even the wiliest old hands. It is one game they play with us which will never stop—fortunately.

Of the first-ranked colts we find this year that California is represented by two horses of exceptional ability and yet quite opposite characteristics. A firsthand report on the quality of these two, Old Pueblo and Silky Sullivan, is on page 32.

At Hialeah the division of proved ability is almost as tidy. Only four colts have thus far emerged with blue ribbons, and three of them—Calumet Farm's Tim Tam, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham's Jewel's Reward and Arthur B. (Bull) Hancock's Nadir—will clash in this week's Flamingo. The other Calumet hope, Kentucky Pride, has been slightly injured and may not race again for several weeks.

Mrs. Gene Markey's Calumet Farm has come up with so many champions for so many years now that it has become almost second nature for us to expect to see the famous devil's-red and blue silks atop a leading 3-year-old. Kentucky Pride (another product of the great Bull Lea) may not be quite as seasoned as was Calumet's Iron Liege at this stage last year, but Tim Tam (a son of Greentree's champion Tom Fool) has so far looked every bit as good as last season's Calumet first stringer Gen. Duke (who tied a world record in winning the Florida Derby, where he suffered a bruise which later forced him out of the Kentucky Derby).

Jewel's Reward, with only one 7-furlong tightener under his girth in preparation for the Flamingo, was nonetheless impressive in winning last week, and despite his rather undistinguished breeding (his sire, Jet Jewel, retired as a maiden, and his dam, Belle Jeep, never raced) this colt seems to have everything a good horse should have. One veteran trainer put it last week, "Jewel's Reward is sort of a mystery horse. Every time

they stretch the distance out you expect him to stop, and instead he keeps on winning. Why, if he can win the Flamingo at a mile and an eighth I'll believe he can do anything."

Both Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward will, however, first have to cope with a leggy, unpretty bay named Nadir, who is just itching to get into the battle. Nadir's progress since winning last fall's Garden State has been so satisfactory that he is currently Hialeah's center of attraction—notwithstanding the fact that he shares a barn with Bold Ruler and stares out of his stall directly across at the heavy cavalry of Calumet. Owner Bull Hancock, the 48-year-old Paris, Ky. master of Claiborne Farm and a man who has seen more than his share of valuable horseflesh, thinks Nadir is the greatest prospect he's ever seen. After watching his colt blow out half a mile in :45⅕ the other morning, Bull hustled off exclaiming, "He could have done it in :44 easy and still not been tired. The potential he's got is tremendous. Better by far than Round Table [whom Hancock sold last year to Travis Kerr for $175,000]. Why, this colt has fantastic speed, and you just know he's going to run all day for you. He could be one of the really greats." So great does Hancock think Nadir might be that he has set a price of $1 million on him, but with this frightening warning: "Of course, if he wins the Flamingo the price might go up even higher."

Nadir, for all his greenness last season, has a distinct personality. He is amazingly curious, and his bold eye takes in everything within an arc that sometimes goes the full 360°. "The first day he got here," says Hancock, "he counted every car that came in or out of the parking lot, and every time Jimmy Jones's dog Buck would go by, Nadir would never let him out of his sight. But now that he knows what's going on he's more relaxed. Even with all the noise around here in the afternoon, this critter will lie down in his stall and then stretch out and snore like a man who's been out on a binge. And talk about a feeder: Nadir eats 14 quarts a day and empties two hayracks." (The average horse may eat between 7 and 10 quarts and might not even empty one hayrack.)

Nadir, who was offered for sale at $40,000 as a yearling and turned down by about 10 prospective buyers, will run without blinkers in the Flamingo.

cont'd

UNDISTINGUISHED parents lurk in background of consistent Jewel's Reward, here posing with Cosmetician-Owner Elizabeth Arden Graham. Top money-winning 2-year-old in history last year, "Julius" could bring Mrs. Graham her second Kentucky Derby victory. To aid her colt she has bought the services of sensational Panamanian Jockey Manuel Ycaza, seven different riders having handled the horse in 1957.

PARENTS of classical timber lead experts to believe that Calumet Farm's Tim Tam has the staying power of his mighty father, Tom Fool. Hardly raced as a 2-year-old, Tim Tam has recently blossomed to winning form and will be one of the favorites for this week's $100,000 Flamingo. Trainer Jimmy Jones, an old hand at Derbies, says conservatively, "We think he has some ability." Horse is Jockey Hartack's choice.

"When he wore the blinkers," says Hancock, "he was too suspicious. Without 'em last time he ran perfectly. So no more blinkers for him."

Should none of these four Hialeah-based 3-year-old colts—or the two stars from California—wind up as the Kentucky Derby favorite two months from now or as the Flamingo and Santa Anita Derby winners, the best chances would seem to belong to any of about 10 or so second-ranked colts who may or may not improve with more campaigning. There is Hasty House Farm's Alarullah, lightly raced but classically bred; R. D. Prewitt's Terra Firma, a steady performer who gave Nadir a good tussle in last year's Garden State; Fred Hooper's Olymar, already a winner over both the Calumets, and although he's not bred for distance (sons of Olympia don't relish a route) Olymar has been running as though he might handle it; Jaclyn Stable's Li'l Fella; and Mrs. Graham's other entry, Liberty Ruler.

It is too early to predict either a banner 3-year-old season or a dull one. My inclination is to label the new crop better than most people give it credit for being. Furthermore, whether or not Jimmy Jones is as successful as usual in bringing his Calumet colt up to peak form for the Flamingo (the man is uncanny when there's $100,000 hanging on the line), it wouldn't surprise me or Bull Hancock to see Nadir look the devil's-red and blue squarely in the eye and then just keep on going. **END**

AND HOPES ARE HIGH OUT WEST

AT SANTA ANITA race track last week, Jockey Willie Shoemaker accepted any and all future mounts—including, hopefully, the Kentucky Derby—on a stretch-running marvel of a 3-year-old named Silky Sullivan, who is already one of the most celebrated race horses ever to run on the West Coast, and is one of California's two prime bets to become only the third Cal-bred in history to win the Louisville classic.

Shoe's action points up another significant factor of this racing season at Santa Anita—the Kentucky Derby hysteria which has taken over California. Since the good 3-year-olds on the grounds at Santa Anita are far fewer than those in Florida or even in winter quarters, California normally considers itself lucky if it can produce even one runner with a chance for the Churchill Downs classic. This year it has two. Jockey Eddie Arcaro has long since staked a claim to the second of the Golden State's hopefuls, a smooth-running 3-year-old named Old Pueblo, who has been likened even to the great Swaps in some clockers' circles at Arcadia.

There are other 3-year-olds campaigning at Santa Anita this winter, to be sure, but most of them have spent their racing days chasing one of the top two mentioned above. Rex Ellsworth's white-stockinged The Shoe is a perfectly swell colt and worth an across-the-board bet in almost any race he enters – except when Old Pueblo and Silky Sullivan are in, when a mere show bet will do.

The rest of California's 3-year-olds may yet bloom. After all, it is early in the year. But the scornful designation of one railbird—"just a lot of $10,000 horses"— would seem to be the best evaluation of their capabilities.

Old Pueblo, whose number has gone up in every race he has ever run (he won seven legitimately and an eighth through a disqualification), would seem to the conservative expert to be the West's best bet. But Silky Sullivan's stretch run, a dizzying coronary dash at the last fraction of the race, has so dazzled Pacific turf experts that most have now persuaded themselves that all the flaming chestnut colt needs is a bit more distance of ground. He always does get ahead of the other horses, so they argue. Only trouble is, it's a couple of lengths past the finish line. Eddie Arcaro this week paid eloquent tribute to the extraordinary Silky: "This colt is a real running fool. He ran his last eighth in something like 10 seconds flat—that's flying."

OLD PUEBLO JUST SNEAKS IN AHEAD OF ONRUSHING SILKY SULLIVAN IN LAST RACE

Old Pueblo, Eddie's mount, is a front-runner with the placid disposition and attentiveness to business on the race track that is the hallmark of the Thoroughbred champion. He was bred in Newhall, California by the Peter McBean stud out of an Ariel mare, Shadows Fall, who has been faulted as a mere sprinter by most self-appointed authorities. Breeder McBean dissents, pointing out she is a half-sister to the classic colt Hampden. Old Pueblo has still run only one mile race but he did that as smoothly as he turned out 7 furlongs—and over a heavy track at that.

The excitement over this pair has made this year's Santa Anita meet one of the most fascinating since the days of the Noor-Citation rivalries. If both horses stay sound, they may hook up with the East's Tim Tam and Nadir to make the 1958 Kentucky Derby truly memorable.

—JAMES MURRAY

"Puerto Rico is full of sunshine, and so is the rum!"

says Dandridge Caldwell
of Nashville, Tennessee

"Puerto Rico is a delightful island," says Dan Caldwell. "Everything is drenched in sunshine. Even the rum.

"I hadn't tasted rum in twelve years when I went to Puerto Rico. Ordered a rum and tonic there and was I surprised! That rum is *dry*. Light as a breeze. It makes the best tonic drink I ever tasted.

"I really went for the climate in Puerto Rico. You tan during the day and sleep under a blanket at night. The trade winds are marvellously cool and refreshing. Perfect weather for vacations."

◀ Cocktail hour finds Dan Caldwell relaxing across Bahia de San Juan from an ancient Spanish fortress. "*Rum* and tonic is the word at my house after this," says Mr. Caldwell now. "You can quote me on that."

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion Division, Dept. R, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19

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MERCURY LINCOLN CONTINENTAL MARK III

Urbane, yet light bodied: Hathaway's Batiste Oxford '58

"A REWARDING DISCOVERY," says The Man. "Exceptionally light in body – yet in no sense 'thin' or commonplace. I shall order a dozen at once."

It's the *hat* he extols, of course. Made of HATHAWAY's new Batiste Oxford. This remarkable fabric looks identical with regular cotton Oxfords of top-grade —*yet is half as light again to wear.* Woven in New England, for HATHAWAY exclusively, it has completely solved the hot weather problem of how to look crisply formal while keeping unclammily cool. Unlike so many summer-weight shirtings, which have a certain sleaziness about them, HATHAWAY's new Batiste Oxford is a lightweight shirt of *substance.* Note its truly Oxonian assurance when worn with this famous tie. *(Floreat Etona!)*

New Batiste Oxford is tailored with all the HATHAWAY hallmarks – low-sloping collar, almost invisible stitching, man-size buttons of ocean pearl. It comes with long or short sleeves in white, at $5.95. Also, at slightly higher prices, in a wide range of solid colors: grey, blue, ivory, tan, or gold corn—and in a new assortment of gentlemanly stripes.

You'll find HATHAWAY shirts at stores which keep up the great tradition. For the name of your nearest store, write C. F. HATHAWAY, Waterville, Maine. In New York, call OXford 7-5566.

FISHING / *Thomas Lineaweaver*

National Deep Freeze

The 1957-58 winter has frozen out fish and fishermen all over except in the Pacific Northwest, which is too warm

IT IS SURPRISING how much bad weather a fisherman runs into. Even if he comes back from a trip with a nice tan and no fish only a cynic would doubt his gloomy reports of contrary weather. Everyone else knows that the American angler is a man of great skill and veracity. And if he says that this winter is the worst he can remember, and he is saying it right now loudly and at length, then it must be so. As it happens, the record bears him out.

The winter of 1957–58 has indeed visited an unprecedented multitude of meteorological indignities on fish and fishermen alike in the country's customarily warm winter fishing belt —and in one area that is supposed to be cold and isn't.

For the past three months from South Carolina through the Gulf Coast a succession of cold waves, winds and rains have packed black bass anglers off to their lakes and bayous in duck hunting clothes and left salt water anglers on the dock. In South Carolina normally spunky weakfish are so groggy with cold that they can almost be picked out of the water by hand.

Florida, however (along with the hundreds of thousands of fishermen who converge there every winter), has been hardest hit of all. Since November the Gulf Stream has been as hospitable as the Northwest Passage. During that month it rained 11.88 inches in Florida, or 9.72 inches above normal. On December 12 a cold front moved southward and the state froze. New Year's Day produced a northeaster with tragic overtones. The yacht *Revonoc* went down, presumably with all hands (SI, Jan. 20). Florida froze again on January 9, February 4 and 13. It has snowed with arctic vigor at least twice. Northers have rarely moderated, and Florida's sport fishing industry has lapsed into frozen and frustrated inactivity. Dockmaster A. M. Ascott at Miami's normally teeming Pier 5 charter boat headquarters reflects: "The boat captains are really hurting. I would say business has been cut in half at least—probably worse."

Larry Thomas, who operates two Miami bait and tackle shops, agrees that business is off, but he seems to be the only Floridian who knows fishermen well enough to turn disaster into triumph. When his trade plummeted 75% Thomas bought television time and reminded shivering anglers that tackle was fun to buy even if they couldn't go fishing with it. "That got them," said Thomas. "I've been doing a great business on tackle since I started the TV shows. The guys can't go fishing, so they buy stuff and take it home to play with."

HOOVER TAKES ONE FISH

Down on the Florida Keys the wind has blighted the angling efforts of great and small alike. During a recent 18-day visit to the Key Largo Anglers' Club, Herbert Hoover could fish only three. He caught and released one nine-pound bonefish, but Guide Calvin Albury took little comfort. "I have been fishing in the Keys for 29 years," he said, "and this is the worst weather I have ever seen." Bahamians and Cubans echo the mournful chorus.

If the south is freezing, the Pacific Northwest has opposite but equally perplexing weather problems. Washington is experiencing the second-warmest winter in the history of its weather bureau, but it was preceded by tragedy in the salmon world. By November, drought had so lowered rivers that near-spent salmon could not move upstream to spawn. "Many sportsmen," reports SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Correspondent Dolly Connelly, "quit fishing in sympathy." In an unprecedented move on September 27, fisheries officials closed rivers to salmon fishing. Still the homing fish died by the thousands. The rivers are still closed and will stay so indefinitely. On the heels of the drought came an extremely large low-pressure area which has remained fairly stationary, soggily shifting from the Gulf of Alaska to the northern California coast. Slowly water levels have come back to normal, but when the steelhead season opened in Washington on December 1 there were no steelhead. Now steelhead are moving upstream, and angler pressure is tremendous, not because fishing in the roily rivers is so outstanding but because the weather is so warm. The steelheader is one kind of fisherman who expects to freeze at his sport. Last year on February 11 the temperature was 8° above zero. On February 11, 1958 it was 52°. There has been little snow and less ice. The ice fisherman is downcast.

Such is the unhappy picture of America's current angling winter, and no one wants to predict what is coming next. No one really likes to predict the weather anyhow, and only one man ever did it with anything approaching accuracy. It went like this:

"Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping round from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning."

The man was Mark Twain, and he made his forecast on December 22, 1876. It would have been a good guess for 1958. **END**

Still Burning Up the Sand

Speed Weeks at Daytona now has a more subdued name, but competition between Detroit's latest models remains keen

THERE was a time when Daytona Beach, Florida meant automotive speed without apology. Henry Ford came down to try out some of his earliest contraptions on the wide, flat sands at the Atlantic's edge, and many of the great land-speed-record cars of the past left the gulls palpitating in their wakes.

For the last nine years now, the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing has put on a speed carnival at Daytona in February. This has come to include top speed and acceleration runs on the sands for nearly every breed of automobile, but particularly Detroit passenger cars, and a three-day stock car racing carnival on one of the nation's most picturesque tracks.

This February Daytona was unnaturally calm. There was speed, all right, and at the beach itself things looked very much as usual—highly tuned cars streaking along beside the surf, racing stock cars growling unmuffled exhaust noise on the 4.1-mile beach and road course.

But Daytona was otherwise quiet, partly because the cold Yankee air that blew in daily from the northwest kept midday temperatures in the 40s; mostly because the automotive giants of Detroit have decided, at least for public consumption, that the words racing and speed are unwise at the moment.

Last June the Detroit automobile manufacturers agreed to withdraw indefinitely from speed trials and racing. They were tired of persistent congressional questioning on the matter of high horsepower in American cars and fearful that a legislative ceiling on horsepower might be imposed. Speed sold cars, but it also provided controversy. So Detroit soft-pedaled speed.

Consequently, Detroit, which sent platoons of engineers, admen and publicity men to Daytona in 1956 and 1957, kept them home this year. There were only three big-company men in the vicinity of the beach trials, as far as this observer could tell, and of these two were on vacation and one was on hand to watch the safe-driving tests.

How startling the change from a year ago, when all the area's 35,000 hotel and motel rooms were taken; when Pete DePaolo's Ford team housed an incredible supply of spare engines and tires on the mainland; when Bill Stroppe had his spit-and-polish Mercury operation running at full throttle; when Smokey ("Best Damn Garage in Town" Yunick toiled into the night behind barbed-wire security fencing to tune his beach and race cars for Chevrolet; when the Indianapolis "500" whiz kid, Jack Zink, brought his fast Pontiacs to town; when there was a jammed party after every day's events.

However, neither this year's austerity nor its sanitary publicity converted the trial cars to perambulators or the drivers to finger painting or stayed a leadfoot pastor (a member of Daytona's Century Club for drivers who have been clocked at

DAYTONA IMPRESARIO Bill France *(left)* congratulates winning driver, Dr. L. D. Morris, standing by his Pontiac. The Illinois physician competes for the fun of it.

better than 100 mph on the beach) from offering up thanks for "competition and sport" at a NASCAR function.

NASCAR was now using the high-falutin title International Safety and Performance Trials where once Speed Weeks was considered both accurate and sufficiently catchy; and the organization had dreamed up a new and sanitary name to fit its initials—one that Detroit could use in connection with nonracing trials under its auspices. National Association for Stock Car Advancement and Research is the new monicker, and there was a new series of nonracing tests keyed to problems of city and highway driving to make the name more appropriate. Finally, the pace car for the 1958 Speed Weeks was a Jaguar 3.4 sedan, emphasizing Detroit's nonparticipation.

TAKING THE FLAG at the start of a flying mile run, Doctor Morris peers through his windshield at the endless stretch of sand and surf with only a fringe of dunes.

STOCK CARS

It is reasonable to assume, nonetheless, that the factories concerned were not especially displeased that Chevrolet, Plymouth, Pontiac and Rambler won on the beach, or that Chevrolet received for the second consecutive year the Pure Oil Trophy for the best all-round performance.

And you should have seen all the advancement in the stock car races last weekend. First Edwin (Banjo) Matthews of Asheville, N.C. buzzed his 1955 Ford with its 1958 Lincoln engine around the beach-road course at an average speed of 97.381 mph to win the 125-mile race for sportsman and modified cars—those ugly jalopies with the beautiful engines. Then Curtis Turner of Roanoke, Va. won the 160-mile race for convertibles in a 1958 Ford at 98.56 mph. And, finally, Paul Goldsmith of St. Clair Shores, Mich. won the main event, the 160-mile race for late-model closed cars, in a 1958 Pontiac at 101.18 mph.

The stock cars will be racing all year long, but it is the first appearance of the new Detroit cars in open competition on the beach that gives Daytona its special importance. Not all makes compete, and these are certainly not scientifically true tests; vagaries of wind and sand conditions, differences in driving ability and varying levels of expertness in tuning make that impossible. Yet there is something about Chevrolets and Fords and Plymouths and the others fighting it out on the sands that makes a stirring spectacle. For some of the factory men it had occasionally been so stirring in the past that they started using tranquilizers.

The weather was marvelously clear for the trials last week, if cold for Daytona, and the beach drivers were doing all right. The best of them approached, and three of them broke, records set in last year's mass assault. By and large the entrants were dealers or hard-core enthusiasts or a team with both elements. Take Dr. Ludson Delroy Morris, a general practitioner out of Mr. Carmel, Ill. Dr. Morris, who admits that nobody in Wabash County has a faster car than he if he can help it, drove a black-and-yellow 1958 Pontiac Chieftain on Tuesday as if racing the stork. He averaged 144.346 mph downwind and 131.627 returning north against the wind for a two-way average of 137.693. He thus became the fastest man on the beach in the official passenger car trials. His Pontiac, whose 370-cubic-inch engine was equipped with three two-barrel carburetors, was sponsored by Robison Pontiac of Princeton, Ind. and tuned by Mechanic Eddie Oldert.

"I started racing at 12," said Dr. Morris, pushing a Stetson back from his forehead, "and never got it out of my blood. My dad was a doctor, and he had a 1920 Overland that could go pretty fast. My opponent in my first race was 15. He had his dad's Model T. Everybody in town—that was Fort Branch, Ind.—was betting on us. Everybody but our parents, that is. They didn't know about it. The course was a half-mile stretch of road between the town and the old iron bridge over Pigeon Creek. We were even coming up to the bridge, and I won because I didn't shut off. You see, there was only room for one car on the bridge.

"I drove stock cars in the late '20s down at Evansville until my father said: 'You'll have to decide if you want to be a race driver or a doctor.' Well, I became a doctor, but my hobby has always been to have the fastest car I could get under my behind. I sponsored cars at Indianapolis from 1950 to 1955, and I started drag racing after that—in the super stock class."

Other Pontiacs swept the second through sixth places in the Class Seven competition for cars of more than 350-cubic-inch piston displacement. Chevrolets easily dominated Classes Five and Six. The Ramblers of the Reed Brothers, Robert and John, who are Rambler dealers in Orlando, Fla., won Classes Four and Three, respectively.

It was Chevrolet again in the Big Three class for Ford, Plymouth and Chevy cars with no optional high-performance equipment and rigged with automatic transmission and one four-barrel carburetor. Buzzy McCammon of Dugger, Ind. was first with a 116.599-mph average.

Chrysler broke through in the one-mile acceleration trials from a standing start, but it was a close call for Brewster Shaw, a Daytona Chrysler dealer, over the Pontiac trials veteran,

continued

Carl F. Wente

Retired president of Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association, his career is proof that business success does not exclude a lively and active participation in sports.

While filling succeeding positions of senior responsibility as Bank of America grew to be the largest private enterprise bank in the world, Wente has also been one of the West's most ardent conservationists. He is serving the State of California as a member of the Fish and Game Commission, U.S. Forest Service Advisory Council; as a director of Keep California Green, Inc.; and as president of the Duck Hunters' Association of California.

Compliment

I want to pay SPORTS ILLUSTRATED a peculiar compliment: it's never made me mad.

Excited, yes—aroused and often deeply moved. But never mad in the sense of being angry or offended with anything I have read in the magazine – an unusual circumstance in a world where everyone is an expert with definite opinions.

And this means something, I think, because I have read SPORTS ILLUSTRATED since its first issue.

My love for sport and the outdoors began during boyhood with hunting and fishing in the fields and streams of my native California. It has never waned. So I object pretty quickly when I find anyone not treating sport right. But the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have always handled their subject (and mine) with skill and good taste. I can't possibly be mad about that!

Carl F. Wente

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED . AMERICA'S NATIONAL SPORTS WEEKLY

Jim Stonebraker, of Fairview Park, Ohio. In Chrysler's hottest model, a 1958 300-D, Shaw made the one-way northbound run at an average speed of 87.485 mph, to 87.357 for Stonebraker. Both broke Shaw's 1957 record of 86.873 mph achieved with a Chrysler 300-C.

A Plymouth driven by Bill Frick of Baldwin, N.Y. squeezed ahead of the Chevrolet parade in Class Six, with a near-record average of 85.227, but Chevy swept Class Five. The leader, driven by Walter Bridges of Miami, set a new record of 86.435 mph. The Brothers Reed were unopposed as they took their Ramblers to Class Three and Four victories.

If all that isn't proof that speed is not on the bum in Daytona, consider what Big Bill France, president of NASCAR, has up his sleeve.

This was the last year for racing on the beach-road course. It will be supplanted in time for the 1959 Speed Weeks if all goes well—by one of the most ambitiously conceived racing plans ever blueprinted, and one of the fastest, with a projected average lap speed for *stock cars* of 125 mph.

France heads a group that has already gotten clearing and grading under way on a 440-acre site west of Daytona, near the city's airport, for what will be known as the Daytona International Speedway. Much of the financing has already been obtained; the rest will be sought in a public issue of stock at $1 a share.

Roughly of triangular shape, the 2½-mile asphalt track will have two high-speed 1,000-foot-radius turns banked at 30° and a third turn banked at 18°. A road course of two miles will be built in the infield for sports car racing. Thus, one complete lap for road racing would include a tour of the road course and one circuit on the speed track.

France, who has a way of getting what he goes after, is going after a 250-mile July 4 race for Indianapolis cars and a winter race of international caliber for sports cars, besides a big stock car program. The traditional Speed Weeks straightaway trials will continue on the beach. Whether Detroit will officially return is conjectural, but we may be sure that Doc Morris and other blithe spirits will turn up again, all busting down the beach for the glory of places like Pigeon Creek. **END**

DAYTONA RESULTS

STOCK PASSENGER CARS (FLYING MILE)

CLASS THREE (167-213 CU. IN.)	CAR	AVG. MPH
1. John Reed, Orlando, Fla.	Rambler	88.160
CLASS FOUR (213-259 CU. IN.)		
1. Robert Reed, Orlando, Fla.	Rambler	100.348
2. T. M. Wadzuk, Ormond Beach, Fla.	Chevrolet	84.102
CLASS FIVE (259-305 CU. IN.)		
1. Walter Bridges, Miami	Chevrolet	131.004
2. John Slawson, Vincennes, Ind.	Chevrolet	125.305
3. John Warren, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Chevrolet	122.825
4. Buzzy McCammon, Dugger, Ind.	Chevrolet	121.642
5. James Quinn, Oneonta, Ala.	Chevrolet	118.851
CLASS SIX (305-350 CU. IN.)		
1. Jesse Piatt, New Lebanon, Ohio	Chevrolet	126.249
2. Arlen Vanke, Barberton, Ohio	Chevrolet	123.669
3. Douglas Ogden, Chillicothe, Ohio	Chevrolet	122.616
4. Mel Larson, Phoenix, Ariz.	Plymouth	122.303
5. Edsel Massey, Birmingham	Chevrolet	121.090
CLASS SEVEN (OVER 350 CU. IN.)		
1. Dr. L. D. Morris, Mt. Carmel, Ill.	Pontiac	137.693
2. Bob Pemberton, Lansing, Mich.	Pontiac	136.778
3. Murray Hartley, Erie, Pa.	Pontiac	135.084
4. Vicki Wood, Detroit	Pontiac	134.554
5. Jim Stonebraker, Fairview Park, Ohio	Pontiac	134.328

BIG THREE (AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION, ONE FOUR-BARREL CARBURETOR)

1. Buzzy McCammon, Dugger, Ind.	Chevrolet	116.599
2. Dr. William Webb, Orlando, Fla.	Chevrolet	116.486
3. Bud Wilcox, Lakewood, N.Y.	Ford	116.129
4. M. L. Boatman, Falls City, Neb.	Ford	112.906
5. Cliff Buesink, Corry, Pa.	Ford	111.975

STOCK PASSENGER CARS (STANDING MILE ACCELERATION)

CLASS THREE		
1. John Reed, Orlando, Fla.	Rambler	64.888
CLASS FOUR		
1. Robert Reed, Orlando, Fla.	Rambler	71.656
CLASS FIVE		
1. Walter Bridges, Miami	Chevrolet	86.435
2. John Warren, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Chevrolet	82.286
3. Buzzy McCammon, Dugger, Ind.	Chevrolet	82.173
4. John Slawson, Vincennes, Ind.	Chevrolet	81.670
5. James Quinn, Oneonta, Ala.	Chevrolet	81.356
CLASS SIX		
1. Bill Frick, Baldwin, N.Y.	Plymouth	85.227
2. Douglas Ogden, Chillicothe, Ohio	Chevrolet	84.646
3. Arlen Vanke, Barberton, Ohio	Chevrolet	84.230
4. Edsel Massey, Birmingham	Chevrolet	83.779
5. Buzzy McCammon, Dugger, Ind.	Chevrolet	83.779
CLASS SEVEN		
1. Brewster Shaw, Daytona Beach, Fla.	Chrysler 300-D	87.485
2. Jim Stonebraker, Fairview Park, Ohio	Pontiac	87.357
3. Joe Littlejohn, Spartanburg, S.C.	Pontiac	86.435
4. Skeeter Wood, Detroit	Pontiac	86.393
5. Murray Hartley, Erie, Pa.	Pontiac	85.227

PRESTIGE CLASS (FLYING MILE)

1. Norman Burgess, Miami	Continental	112.888
2. Brewster Shaw, Daytona Beach, Fla.	Imperial	111.930
3. Jack Rutherfurd, Palm Beach, Fla.	Cadillac	104.895

EXPERIMENTAL CARS (FLYING MILE)

1. Karol Miller, Houston	'56 Ford	153.061
2. Jim Stonebraker, Fairview Park, Ohio	'58 Pontiac	135.410
3. John Tempest, Cocoa, Fla.	'57 Pontiac	131.868
4. James Hart, N. Manchester, Ind.	'57 Olds	123.967
5. Frank Wax, Long Beach, N.Y.	'57 Corvette	122.825

BASKETBALL / *Jeremiah Tax*

A Merry Polka to Lead the Big Ten Dance

With or without music, Michigan State deserves a high national ranking

CHRISTMAS tree lights still circle the two evergreens that stand in front of Forddy Anderson's home just off Michigan State's handsome campus at East Lansing. Forddy has been busy lately—too busy to think about anything but basketball—and the same holds for all the other Big Ten coaches engaged in this year's typically close race, in which every team has had a death clutch on its rivals' throats almost all the way.

It has been so tight that even the coaches cannot agree on whether all teams are on a fairly equal level of mediocrity or excellence. To a disinterested observer, the latter appears easily the truth, and only one example should prove the case. Last year, Michigan State went to the NCAA semifinals at Kansas City, where they lost in three overtimes to undefeated North Carolina. Carolina, of course, became National Champions the next night, after a well-earned victory over Kansas. But it cannot be doubted that against Michigan State the Tar Heels were very lucky indeed; on at least three occasions, State had the game won. This year's Spartans are practically the same crew, much better as a team after another season of playing together. And what has happened? Wisconsin, which has been occupying last place, has beaten them by 14 points; in-and-out Ohio State has also beaten them by 14, and contending Indiana by three.

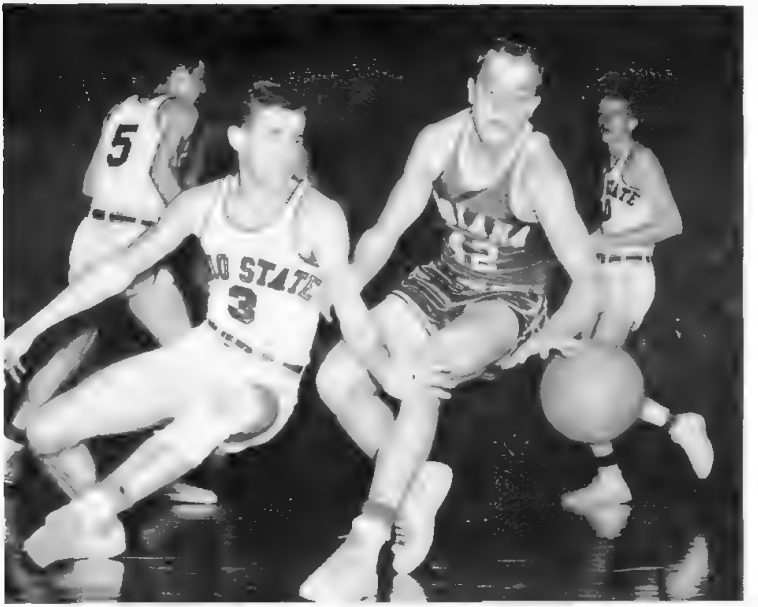
With this kind of mutual bloodletting going on all season, it is no wonder that voters in the national wire service polls, who seldom see a tiny fraction of the teams they rate with great assurance but little reason each week, have recently refused to put a Big Ten team in the top 10 and only one—presently—in the top 20. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED would rate the Spartans, at least, in fifth place, behind Kansas State, San Francisco, Cincinnati and Temple.

As the Big Ten race came to the top of the stretch last weekend, the statistics themselves told an unusual story. Last Saturday night not a single one of the four teams that had a good chance to win the title led in any of four key departments: scoring, defense, shooting accuracy or rebounds. Northwestern (with only a mathematical chance to win) led in scoring with a 78.7 average. Wisconsin (no chance) was first in defense, yielding 70.1 per game. Northwestern was ahead in shooting with a .413 percentage, and Michigan (no chance) led in rebounds at 54 per game. Michigan State, in first place, was, however, also first in another all-important category: they had outscored opponents by an average of $4\frac{1}{2}$ points per game—a slim enough margin.

Last weekend, hot on the scent of another NCAA bid, Forddy and his men faced the Wisconsin team that had humiliated them 66–52 a month before at Madison. This game was played at East Lansing and Forddy had his team ready. He also had his hi-fi set ready. That's right—hi-fi.

Forddy Anderson, a shrewd, youthful 39-year-old, comes from a large Gary, Ind. family of music lovers. During his school days he played the tuba, and his wife, a pianist, matches his fondness for music of all kinds. His first experience with sports was also involved with music. "I was in the fifth grade," he relates, "when our physical education teacher took us to the gym for instruction in basketball. There weren't any basketballs there. Instead, he had us listen to music and move around the floor to the rhythm. He always maintained there was a close relationship between sports and music, between playing a game and moving to the rhythm of a band." As a coach, Anderson does not use music in quite the same way as that teacher, but his purpose is also different. One of the biggest problems that all coaches face is in preparing their men emotionally for a game. Sometimes a team will be too tight, sometimes too loose, and getting them in

INDIANA'S BOB WILKINSON GOES PAST OHIO STATE'S JOE CARLSON IN 88-83 HOOSIER WIN



just the proper mood at the tip-off is the difficult task. Anderson has always been known for the odd methods he uses to accomplish this. Before last year's NCAA tournament game with Kentucky, for example, he took his team 30 miles out of town and spent the day with them on a lake—fishing. But now he believes he has the perfect solution—in music. An hour before game time, the team gathers in the dressing room, and while they shed their clothes, get taped and put on uniforms, Forddy's hi-fi set pours out music. He selects the records himself, and with care. The program starts with slow, "mood" melody—mostly strings—and gradually builds in tempo through Dixieland to a climax of jump tunes. Lately, the Spartans have shown a preference for polkas as the send-off, and Forddy lets them have it. He doesn't pretend that the music is a cure-all, but one thing he's sure it does: "Sometimes you walk into the dressing room and your kids are sitting around, putting on their sneakers and stuff—and nobody is saying a word. They're all so tensed up they can't even talk. Somehow, music gets them to talking. They start jabbering and then kidding each other and pretty soon they're loose and ready to go."

Michigan State went out on the court to play Wisconsin with Frankie Yankovic's *Polka Party* still ringing in their ears—and they proceeded to two-step, shag and waltz their way through the Badger defense with the greatest of ease. For most of the second half the second team took over, but State still won 93-59. Forddy Anderson also teaches sound, rugged basketball. His sliding man-for-man defense, never better than it was against Wisconsin, jams the lanes and picks off all but the most accurate passes to trigger a fast-breaking attack and ferocious rebounding. On normal offense, the Spartans seldom fool around outside or take the long shot. Relentlessly they force the middle, cutting and driving in for layups, with Jack Quiggle, a superb feinter and passer, setting up the plays, and the 6-foot-5 John Green outrebounding opponents a half foot taller. With these two are Forwards Bob Anderegg and Larry Hedden, both seasoned, steady ball handlers and shooters, and either Tom Rand or Lance Olson at guard. State's only apparent weakness is the fact that after these six

continued

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there is a great falling off in talent.

Wisconsin is a team that has to win from outside, and on a hot-shooting night (as in the first Michigan State game) they can give anyone trouble—especially from their Walter Holt, whose 52% from the floor has been the league's best.

As usual, Big Ten teams this year have been winning at home and losing on the road; in the first 42 games only 10 were won by visitors. But last week saw a sharp reversal of form by two title contenders. Ohio State came to Indiana and beat the Hoosiers, and five days later Indiana went to Columbus and beat the Buckeyes. Indiana, paced by the league's leading scorer, Archie Dees, but without an adequate backcourt general, is still in contention, but Ohio State appears to be finished. Floyd Stahl, the best-liked coach in the conference, had a promising bunch at Columbus, but it is possible that the team strongman, Frank Howard, has been thinking more about pro baseball bonus offers than college basketball.

SURPRISING PURDUE

The real surprise team of the conference is Purdue, with a great backcourt combination in Harvey Austin and Willie Merriweather and three fine jumpers up front in Wilson Eison, Bill Greve and Bob Fehrman. Every one of these can and does score well. Their great victory over Michigan State Monday night gives them the best chance of taking the title away from the Spartans.

Inexperience has held back Iowa's predominantly sophomore team but their over-.500 record promises a strong '59 outfit. Don Ohl and Roger Taylor have given Illinois possibly the league's best backcourt, but good speed and sharp shooting have not been able to overcome a woeful lack of height. Minnesota has been largely a two-man team—George Kline and Ron Johnson—and opponents have, understandably, concentrated effectively on them. Sophomore Willie Jones has injected spark and speed into a comparatively slow Northwestern squad and the result has been a reasonable improvement over last year's dismal last-place showing. Michigan, tops in rebounding, has been worst in team shooting over the season—which is a combination that has kept them out of the cellar but can't bring them much higher. **END**

Tip from the Top

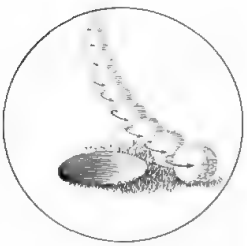
BILL ROACH, *Sea Island Golf Club, Ga.*

Putting Bermuda grass greens

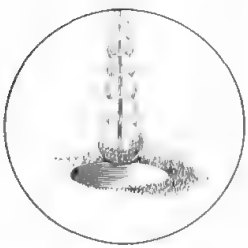
A PUTT WILL roll off-line easier on Bermuda grass than on bent or rye, because it is coarse and grainy. A ball with sidespin will continue to work off-line as it rolls along, while one with topspin will hold its intended course. Take as an example a barrel hoop or wheel that is being propelled by a stick. The stick pushes upward and against the hoop, causing it to have tremendous overspin which keeps it going straight as long as the spin and momentum last. It is advantageous to putt with topspin on all greens, but it is an absolute necessity on Bermuda.

Topspin is produced by keeping the putter face square to the intended line on both the backstroke and forward stroke. On the backstroke, the face will seem to be "closed," "shut" or "hooded." Keep the blade low going back and stroke up and through, with the forward stroke longer than the backstroke.

A strong putt is best on Bermuda and one should play for little break, rarely playing the ball "outside" the hole. On slow, heavy greens, some players prefer a putter with a little loft. A deep-faced club gives best all-round results and also is an advantage when putting from off the green.



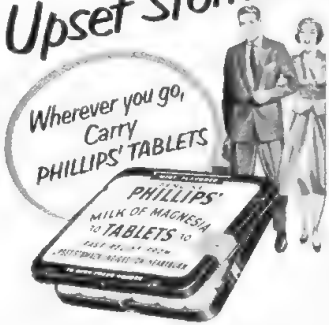
incorrect: sidespin



correct: overspin

NEXT WEEK: *Harry Obitz on getting into the classical position*

"ON THE SPOT" Relief from Upset Stomach



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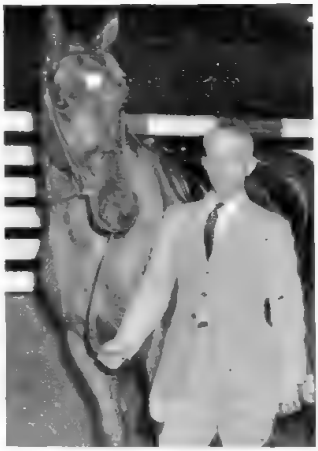
Dark Horse in the Sunshine

A jumper named Mr. Midnight, once a fugitive from a dog-food factory, makes a clean sweep in Miami in the opening show of the annual Sunshine Circuit



MR. MIDNIGHT AND FREELAND EVANS

THE Sunshine Horse Show Circuit, a Florida institution that obviously was not named this year, got off to a chilly 1958 start in Miami last month and is due for a frosty finish in Gainesville next week after five shows. Perhaps it was the nip in the air that gave zest to the performances, but in any case the Miami presentation was a first-rate Class B show.

Another reason was a horse which jumped as though his life depended on it—as, indeed, it once had. Now called Mr. Midnight, five years ago this 7-year-old black gelding of indeterminate ancestry was the nameless occupant of a kill pen in an Atlantic, Iowa stockyard, waiting for death and conversion to dog food.

Mr. Midnight was saved from this premature and ignominious end by sheer chance and an amateur horseman's good eye. Dave Schuetz, an Atlantic credit bureau operator, happened to drive by the yard one afternoon and caught a glimpse of the colt. He stopped his car and looked closer. He liked what he saw.

"I decided to buy him then and there," Schuetz recalled last week, "but the stockyard man didn't want to sell. He warned me that this black colt was mean, and had a reputation as a killer. Well, I wouldn't be put off. I couldn't see that it mattered to them if I bought him or the slaughterhouse got him. Finally we struck a bargain. I could buy him if I could catch him."

Schuetz went into the pen with a halter, and the horse promptly retreated into a chute. Schuetz blocked the end of the chute with railroad ties and then climbed in after his cornered quarry. The flighty 2-year-old snorted, took two strides and leaped over the wall to freedom. As Schuetz took off after him down the heavily traveled highway, he remembers having just two thoughts: "He'll make a wonderful jumper! He'll be killed for sure in this traffic."

But the horse made a fortunate mistake. He swerved off the road and fell, belly up, into a deep ditch. Schuetz scrambled down and sat on his head until help came. Then, with the colt safely roped, Schuetz returned to the stockyard and paid the going price per pound for his new charge—$40, total.

In the following months the horse, named Mr. Midnight by Schuetz, responded as supposedly mean horses often do) to kindness and slow, easy work. Schuetz taught him more than 30 tricks, among them to kneel, to stand on pedestals and to jump. "That is what he loved to do," Schuetz says. "That horse just loved jumping—you just had to aim him at something and he'd jump it."

This happy idyl came to an end in 1956 when Schuetz fell seriously ill. Confronted by a long convalescence, he decided to sell Mr. Midnight and entrusted him to a dealer who was taking a number of horses to the sales at New Holland, Pa. The dealer was a friend of J. Ray Patterson, a horse-owning contractor at Chester, Pa., and on his arrival at New Holland he called Patterson and described Mr. Midnight over the telephone. Patterson bought him for $225. Patterson's good friend Freeland Evans, who has shown such top horses as Sun Beau, schooled Mr. Midnight and started showing him in jumper events.

"If you win the first class, Freeland," Patterson promised in Miami, "I'll take us to Cuba to get warm." Mr. Midnight won the first class. In fact, he won every jumping event offered, including the Sky High class. Although the horse set no new records, he cleared a very creditable 6 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. That was all it took to win the class—the show officials, not expecting even that height to be reached, used a standard that stopped at 6 feet. And the event was exciting enough to stop the spectators who usually start leaving toward the last class but in this case stayed on until nearly midnight to watch Mr. Midnight.

Fourteen-year-old Laurie Ratliff, who comes from Pass Christian, Miss., where most people ride Saddle-bred or Walking horses, rode her Ricochet

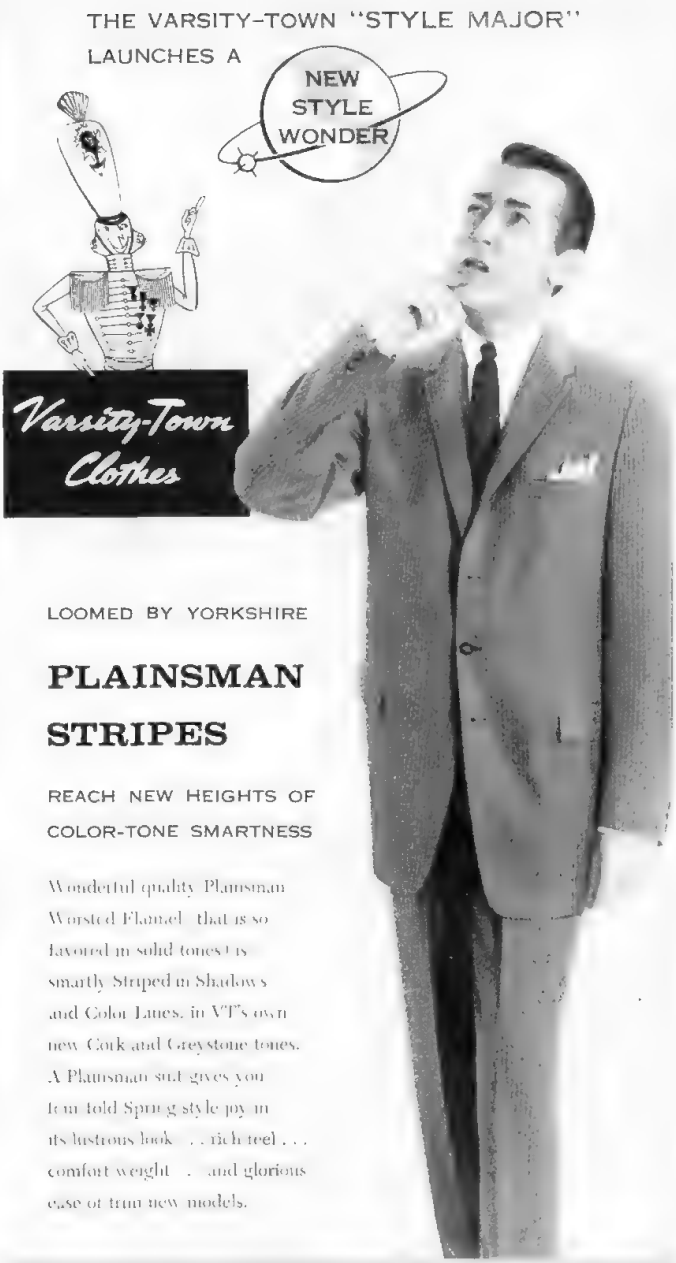
to two second places behind Mr. Midnight at the Miami show. She also won the ASPCA Horsemanship class, and Little Sombrero, with Laurie aboard, was the Juvenile Working Hunter champion winning the second leg on this trophy) and also won reserve Conformation Hunter honors.

The other hunter events were dominated by the Waverly Farm entries. Garden of Eden, the Green Hunter champion at Madison Square Garden last fall, was first in all his classes except the Ladies (in which he had a half-asleep trip) and easily won the championship. Waverly's Son Imp, with the owner's son Price McIntosh aboard again, handily won every class and the Conformation Hunter championship.

The amateur and juvenile events, particularly in the saddle-horse division, were almost hot enough to warm the Dinner Key auditorium. Seventeen-year-old Nancy Cunningham of Beloit, Wis. started her fourth year on the Sunshine circuit with three big successes: her walk-trot mare, Copper Rocket, won the Juvenile Three-gaited and then the Amateur stake; and on Georgia Buck, Nancy accepted the blue in the Juvenile Western Pleasure class.

Another youngster who was able to hang up quite a number of the right-colored ribbons in her tack room was Candy Shaffer of Ojus, Fla. On Candy's Candy she won the Juvenile Five-gaited class; on Etoile Filante the Five-gaited Pony stake; and behind The Lollipop, clad in peppermint-striped colors, Candy won the Roadster Pony stake. Besides this, her Sparkling Divorcee won the Three-gaited-over-15.2 class and then the championship stake. Trainer Art Simmons of Mexico, Mo., who recently sold the mare to the Shaffers, rode Sparkling Divorcee and brought a real big-league look to the competition.

A different sort of big-league look was added to the show by the presence of a Golden Horseshoe Box, in which ladies shivering in their mink stoles were warmed by iced champagne. "We may send you away starving," Show Manager John Bowers told exhibitors, "but we won't send you off sober. This is a vacation circuit." But despite these amenities and other standout performances, there wasn't much doubt that the Miami show belonged to Mr. Midnight, the valiant horse who had refused to go to the dogs. END



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SQUASH RACQUETS

M. Henri Does It Again

The Boston Frenchman found just the right touch to beat the Philadelphia strong boy

SUNDAY AFTERNOON at Annapolis, Henri Salaun proved himself the indisputable master of squash racquets in America. For the second straight year he defeated G. Diehl Mateer Jr. 3 games to 1 in the final round of the U.S. Singles Championship. A year ago Salaun beat a somewhat rusty Mateer to take the title; on Sunday he defended it against a Mateer in top form and did it with appalling brilliance.

Wedged in the gallery of the new Naval Academy field house, 200 squash buffs, assorted Navy brass and British Ambassador Sir Harold Caccia saw Salaun get off to an anything but promising start. Mateer's strong cross-court and rail shots were near-perfect and Salaun did not seem able to take the pressure. Diehl won the first game 15-9. The second was a different story. "I had to win that one," Henri said later. "You can't go two down to a player like Mateer and expect to win." Henri won the second game 15-13, but he did not do it with his usual spray of uncanny shots. Instead he played the "long point." He used his fantastic speed to retrieve everything he could, to keep the ball in exhausting play and force Mateer to commit errors.

AGAIN IT WAS SALAUN VS. MATEER

Salaun used the same strategy in the third game. He retrieved shots that few ranking players would even try for. He led 9-2, and someone in the gallery said, "School's out." But it wasn't. Diehl bore down superbly and pulled up to 7-9. He fell behind to 7-11, swept back to 10-11. Every point brought a roar from the spectators. Salaun held his advantage, however, until at 14-13 Mateer hit a perfect shot. Salaun made a perfect swan dive in an attempted retrieve—and missed. The game was tied at 14 all and it was Henri's option to call for either one or three extra points. He set three. Each man won a point and then, at the most critical stage of the match, Mateer flubbed two shots and Salaun took the game 17-15.

When play resumed after the rest period Mateer lost four points in a row. His face was white, and he was visibly upset as well as tired. From time to time he muttered, "Too good, too good." Salaun won the fourth game 15-7 and kept his title.

Mateer had no alibis and needed none. Would he try again or, as he had wondered out loud last fall, had the time come to play "for fun?" "I don't know," sighed Diehl Mateer.

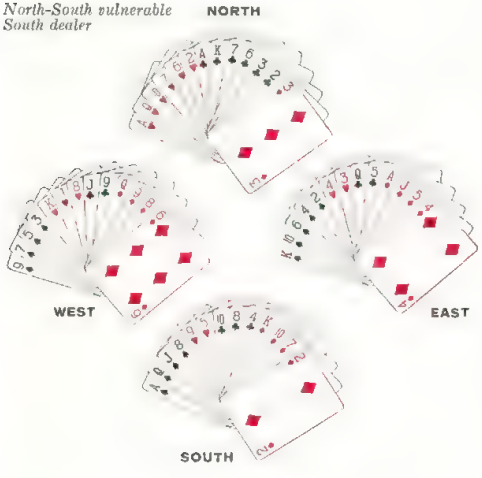
While Diehl Mateer wondered seriously Henri Salaun wondered lightly. "Yesterday I looked at the draw sheet," he remarked, "and suddenly I noticed I was the only player over 30 in the quarter-finals. That scared me." Indeed, many a ranking veteran bowed to youth. Midshipman John Griffiths, 22, toppled third-ranked Calvin MacCracken of Englewood, N.J. Little-known Ray Widelski of Buffalo, 22, downed two ranking players plus Griffiths before meeting Salaun in the semifinals. Twenty-year-old John Smith Chapman of Sir George Williams College in Montreal steamed into the semifinals also and forced Mateer to five games. Stephen Vehslage, 19-year-old U.S. Junior Champion, from Princeton and Philadelphia (SI, Jan. 6), almost toppled fifth-ranked Harry Conlon, who almost toppled Henri Salaun. It was an exceptionally fine tournament, tough, exciting and, for some, upsetting. But there is no doubt in anyone's mind that the best squash player won it, and he is 31.—T.H.L.

CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

A Dashing Little Slam

BY THE TIME you read this account, a team made up of members of the Regency Club of New York will be participating in an international bridge tournament at the invitation of the Uruguay Bridge League, at Punta del'Este. They are Wingate Bixby, president; Peter Levintritt and Boris Koytchou, who have been partners of mine in international matches; Constantin Plotsis, a celebrated flying ace with the Greek forces during World War II, and myself. In preparation for my part in this function I recalled a game in which I played several years ago that indelibly impressed on me the dashing demeanor of our South American cousins—at the bridge table as elsewhere. Here is exhibit A:

North-South vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	PASS	1♣	1♠
1 NO TRUMP	PASS	3♥	PASS
3 NO TRUMP	PASS	5♥	PASS
5 NO TRUMP	PASS	6♣	PASS
6 NO TRUMP	PASS	PASS	PASS

The bidding diagram may serve as a guide to the reader if it is his purpose to draw a character sketch of the gladiator occupying the South position. We will quell any notions you have that the typesetter has gotten the house into a state of disorder. I can offer my personal testimony as to accuracy of this report. I was there and viewed the entire incident from the West position.

The opening bid of one club is somewhat irregular. A bid of one heart would have been the choice of those both in and out of the know. Experienced players holding hands that are rich in high cards will frequently open with one club where they fear that partner might find it difficult to respond to a bid of one heart or one spade. But in this hand there is no basis for such apprehension, for North has only 13 points in high cards and it is inconceivable that the hand would be passed out at one heart.

South—the dashing Gaucho referred to above—had no trump sharply imprinted on his mind and his *señorita*'s plaintive calls went unheeded. It appeared that our bouncing boy was prepared for a spade lead, so I selected the 6 of diamonds for my opening. My partner, one of our leading female bridge stars, Mrs. Margaret Wager of Atlanta, won with the ace and returned the 4. Declarer took the king and successfully finessed the 10 of hearts. He then cashed the ace and king of clubs. The cards rudely ignored probabilities and broke 2 2. This provided him with an entry to his hand in the form of the 10 of clubs, which permitted him to take another heart finesse and claim the rest of the tricks when the suit broke. All this took less time than it is taking me to relate the story.

In the interests of inter-American relations, but with a sizable lump in my throat, I congratulated the gentleman, who accepted the plaudits graciously but with an "I-never-was-nervous-for-a-minute" expression on his face. "I am sorry, partner," spoke up Mrs. Wager. "I could have beaten the contract." Quite convinced that she was jesting, I did not pursue the subject; but when we left the table she pointed out that if she had returned a club at trick two, declarer would have had only one entry to his hand and would have been unable to take two heart finesses. "Oh yes," I acceded, "why didn't you?"

BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Tumbling Twosome

32 A fine exercise for balance and the development of torso, arms, wrists

This week Bonnie and her 14-year-old daughter Suzy demonstrate one of a number of simple tumbling stunts which parents can profitably start doing with children as young as one year old. Somersaults are also good, and children always enjoy the "wheelbarrow," which will be shown in a later issue. The handstand is particularly valuable for balance, and it also develops muscles in the torso, arms and wrists. Eventually the parent and the child will be able to do the exercise without needing each other's assistance, either standing free or with a wall at their backs to keep them from falling.

After Bonnie finds the proper balance point, with her legs held as straight as possible, Suzy stands ready to guard against a fall.

While she is held, Suzy tightens her seat, watches the shoe to keep her head up. She should return to the floor one leg at a time.

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SPORTING LOOK

KNIT WIT

Photographed by SHARLAND

SEATED ABOVE in a spider web of his own designs is the gentleman who is responsible for the knitted fashions favored by the American woman who travels fastest, farthest and neatest. Young (32 years) Bob Goldworm, partner with his mother in a 30-year-old New York knitwear business, is one of the first Americans to reverse the flow of designing talent which hitherto has continually brought Europeans to America. He goes to Italy to design styles in the American tradition—a clean-cut silhouette with no

clutter. Three years ago the firm produced the first full-length dress made like a flat-knit cardigan sweater, and since then the Goldworms have taken over a factory near Milan to produce dresses for the American market. The Goldworm product is based on Italian hand-fashioning, a process which builds the shape in and tailors seams and edges in a manner that cannot be duplicated by U.S. machines. Seven variations of this spring's chemise look are shown above. Clockwise from the model seated at the left are a two-piece middy dress with pleated skirt ($45); semi-fitted chemise ($40); striped "bag" ($35); cardigan coat to be worn with or without a matching sheath ($125); sheath with short striped jacket ($55); shirt dress ($35), two-piece sweater dress ($45). The shoes are low-heeled T-strap sandals by Joyce ($14). Dresses are available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Blum's, Philadelphia; Gidding's, Cincinnati; Himelhoch, Detroit; Bramson's, Chicago; Rich's, Inc., Atlanta; and Ransohoff's, San Francisco.

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NO MORE ROOM

continued from page 13

is still a superior catcher with a great arm and, with Del Rice to back him up, gives the Braves better catching than any other team in the league with the exception of Cincinnati.

Then there is the pitching. In 1956 Spahn, Burdette and Buhl won 20, 19 and 18 games respectively. Last year they won 21, 17 and 18. It would hardly be astonishing if all three should reach 20 this year. As for Spahn wearing out, the Braves only grin. "He's the youngest 36-year-old I ever saw," says Haney.

There is also Bob Rush, a fine pitcher with a poor team during his 10-year stay with the Cubs, and a man whose trade to the Braves last winter moved Roy Hamey to throw up his hands in dismay. "What did they use on the Cubs?" asked the Phillies' general manager. "A shotgun?"

THE BOYS IN THE BULLPEN

Behind these four are Gene Conley, with a 3.16 ERA despite his 9-9 record; Bob Trowbridge, who can start or relieve; Don McMahon, the 1957 discovery whose 1.53 ERA, mostly in relief, was best in the entire league; the veteran Ernie Johnson; and two highly touted rookies, Carlton Willey and Joey Jay. Willey, 21-6 at Wichita, was the only 20-game winner in the American Association; Jay, the 6-foot-4 ex-bonus baby, now 22, won 17 and lost 10 for the same team.

And there is Juan Pizarro, who the Braves frankly admit now was pushed into the big time a year too soon. "Last year was a little rough on him, maybe," they say. "It probably hurt his confidence. But he will be all right now." One reason they think so is that the young left-hander pitched nine shutouts, including a no-hitter, while winning 14 games in the Puerto Rican winter league.

This is still a young ball club, not counting the rookies, with Pizarro 21, Mantilla 23, Aaron 24, Torre, Covington and Mathews 26, Trowbridge, Hazle and Conley 27, Crandall, Bruton and McMahon 28, Buhl 29, Adcock 30, Burdette and Logan 31.

And they know now that they can win. "Winning that pennant and beating the Yankees in the Series was all we needed," says Spahn. "If someone beats us this season, they'll have to beat a better ball club than we had in 1957.

"Personally, I don't think anyone can do it." **END**

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SECOND OF TWO PARTS: SPORTS IN JAPAN. Both nationally and internationally, sports participation has helped restore damaged Japanese pride. Now the islands seem full of athletes of both sexes going full tilt:

Around the Mulberry Bush

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

EVEN IN THIS AGE of the airliner, when a flight from New York to London takes only twice the time of the train ride from New York to Boston, the islands of Japan are still quite a long way away. The average traveler from the eastern part of this country, if he is flying the southern route across the Pacific, needs a bit over three days to get there: one day to cross the continent to San Francisco; a second day in which he gazes for some nine hours at the featureless blue water of the Pacific and comes down at length in Hawaii; and then a last double hop nine hours westward to Wake Island—nothing more than a long par 5 in the middle of nowhere—and a second stretch of nine hours from Wake to Haneda airport on the outskirts of Tokyo. Protracted as such a trip is by present-day standards, it has brought the Orient immeasurably closer than it was in the days of the weeks-long, Somerset Maugham-type cruise, and it has made Tokyo a favorite gathering point of the American traveler who has got Europe under his belt, the retired businessman who has always dreamed of Old Cathay, not to mention American conventioneers who have come to realize that an annual convocation frequently can go on the old expense account as a business cost so why limit themselves to some "local" spot like Havana.

When I was in Japan this last autumn with the group of sportswriters who had gone over to cover the Canada Cup golf match, I never quite got over how the country had changed, in this respect among others, in the 11 years since my previous visit. The Imperial Hotel, where we stayed, has, of course, long been known as a principal headquarters for foreigners in Tokyo, but it was still jarring to walk into the lobby so many miles from Main Street and see it densely populated with American conventioneers togged out with fezzes or blue armbands and calling for ice.

There are a number of other sights and sounds which the traveler to Japan is quite unprepared for. In my case, I had barely made my way through customs and mispronounced "Kasumigaseki Golf Course" with a flourish for the benefit of the taxi driver, when it became apparent that the Japanese immersion in sports today exceeds anything one has been told to expect. Turning out of the airport drive, the taxi slowed down for a chubby little girl of 10 or 11 who skipped across, lugging a large tennis racket. We made a right turn, and in front of us a brightly painted signboard announced that the third annual Asian Games (track and field) will be held in Tokyo this spring. As we started to cut across the rim of the city down a crowded thoroughfare, we passed some young auto mechanics—at any rate, three fellows in coveralls—throwing a baseball on the sidewalk in front of a garage. In a school playground a flock of little girls in white blouses and black skirts were playing basketball, using a volleyball and shooting at hoops set about eight feet from the ground. In the playground of another grade school not much farther along, the girls were playing volleyball, the boys were playing basketball, and a tennis game was in progress on a small-sized court laid out on the orange-brown earth. And that is the way it went: past another group of men in coveralls tossing a baseball; past two little girls batting a shuttlecock with metal-strung rackets in the narrow space between two stores; past a hardware store—rather, a store stocked with a variety of products all made of wood—where nine baseball bats were displayed in a wooden rack; on past another school playground with several slides as well as the usual facilities for tennis, volleyball and basketball; past an 8-year-old striding up the sidewalk carrying a red rubber ball about the size of a grapefruit; and so on and on.

This first impression of sports on the right of you, sports on the left of you, sports on every side proves to be, on further examination, not an exaggerated introduction to their

DISTRIBUTION OF SPORTS in Japan is indicated on this map. Only in sparsely populated Hokkaido *(top right)*, the land of the hairy Ainus, is interest limited to winter games.

place in contemporary Japan. Life there today recalls the '20s in America in its frenetic pace on all fronts. Part of this is a reaction, I am told, to the enervating years of the war and the state of general fatigue, emotional depression and real apathy that overcame the country at the close of the war. Japan was just starting to stir slowly again when its economy received a terrific shot in the arm: all kinds of matériel were needed quickly when the Korean war broke out, and Japan roused itself to make it. When the war was over, this boom was expected to subside. It continued. Astute conversion of the wartime manufacturing plants built up, practically overnight, a new and thriving export trade. At home a self-nourishing cycle of prosperity began to spin —and is still spinning at a good rate —due largely, economists explain, to the increasing purchasing power of the burgeoning middle classes. The surge toward sports has been just one of the many aspects of this astonishing national recovery during which Tokyo has swollen to the largest city in the world (almost 9 million), rivaling New York in the incredible amount of new building construction, recalling Los Angeles in the smog that has arisen from so much concerted industry and the new domestic heating systems, replacing Shanghai (in some ways) as the good-time city of the Far East and generally assuming (in a healthy way) a leadership of the infant nations in that sector of the world.

Going all out for Western sports is, to be sure, nothing new for the Japanese, who began playing baseball in the 1870s, held their first official track and field meet in 1886 and entered their first Olympics in 1912. During the gray days of the Occupation when the Japanese did not know what they were allowed to do and were waiting to be told, Major General William F. Marquat, of General MacArthur's staff, had the acumen to realize that a revival of sports would be a good thing and ordered the country's baseball men to get the major league started again. This helped morale a lot. Shortly afterward, the general arranged for the nation's crack swimmers to compete in a meet in Los Angeles. This marked Japan's return to international competition, and it is impossible to overstate the effect this had on the people. They began to hold their heads up again. Today no one talks about the war in Japan or wants to be reminded either of it or of its aftermath, but the name of General Marquat is frequently mentioned. He is a man they have never stopped appreciating.

THE TRAVELER arriving in Tokyo a little over a century ago would have encountered no evidence at all that the West existed. For over 200 years, from 1638 till 1853 when Commodore Perry opened up Japan, the island nation lived in a self-ordained vacuum. No foreigners were allowed to enter the country and no Japanese were permitted to leave. In this improbable isolation, Japan fell centuries behind the world. At the time of Perry's arrival, it was still deep in the Middle Ages, feudal in government, thought and inclination—a chunk of the past that had been preserved intact in a deep freeze. When Japan, under the leadership of its perspicacious young Emperor Meiji, re-entered the world as the last third of the 19th century began, it did so with supernal ardor and application, adopting Western institutions and methods with such speed that it may possibly have skipped a whole phase in a country's normal development. At any rate, it looks like this to many Westerners, the contrast between the old and the modern being so sharp.

This is certainly so in sports. As the old order changed, the new Western games found almost immediate acceptance, and as they did, most of the traditional Japanese games lost a great deal of their popularity and appeal. It is easy to understand how. These games, for the most part, were rough adaptations of medieval military skills, designed originally for Eastern Ivanhoes and perpetuated in all their ceremony. There was judo, which needs no introduction, and then there was *kendo*. In this gentle samurai pastime, the two antagonists are attired in ankle-length smocks, leather

continued

and bamboo breastplates and steel masks with protective leather padding which covers the neck and shoulders. They go at each other with bamboo poles, aiming at five body points: the abdomen, wrists, throat and the sides and top of the head. The man who first scores two hits is the winner. Sometimes it doesn't take that long. You can knock a man cold with a well-executed thrust.

Then there was *karate*, a kind of boxing with the open hand and the kicking leg. Karate made its way to Japan from China via the Ryukyu Islands. A conscientious karate man hardens his fingers and knuckles, his soles and his toes by continually pounding them or abrading them against hard, rough surfaces. When he has got his mitts in shape, he can split nine layers of cedar board with one blow—or kill a man. Today, incidentally, the few karate masters who carry on their old profession must get a license from the police, for they are considered to fall within the same classification as a man carrying firearms. (In the 1920s and '30s, when the military clique was increasing in power, karate, kendo and the other martial sports gained a great revival of popularity. At the onset of Occupation, General MacArthur prohibited their practice and outlawed the Butokukai, the national organization which promoted them.)

Then there were archery and *sumo* wrestling, both of them rooted in history and mythology from Japan's earliest days. Archery took many nonmilitary forms down through the centuries but none as skill-demanding as *yabusame*, an equestrian variation devised in the Kamakura Era (1186–1335) and continued down the years, with its original ritual and trappings little disturbed, as an annual national event. In yabusame each contestant is outfitted in splendid brocades and silks, "chaps" of deerskin and pointed black-lacquered hats with a center tassel of lustrous horsehair. Sitting a lacquered saddle astride his horse, he totes a seven-foot bow and a supply of blunted arrows tucked in his waist. What he attempts to do, as he grips his horse with his knees and gallops full tilt down a straightaway gravel runway 370 yards long, is to plant an arrow in three different target discs. These targets are set about four feet above the ground and are colored with concentric rings of black, green, red and white. The targets diminish successively in size, the first being 24 inches in diameter, the third eight inches. Each contestant is allowed seven runs, or 21 tries. He is scored not only on his hits but on such technical niceties as the finesse with which he handles his bow, whips his arrows from his waist, fits the arrows, draws the bow. It takes a man about nine years of practice to become fairly good at yabusame.

Sumo, Japanese wrestling, dates back to the first century B.C. Among the traditional Japanese diversions, it unquestionably is the national sport. At present it is riding a crest of enormous popularity, one of the factors behind this being that it televises so well. Like yabusame, the roots of sumo were military but it early acquired moral and religious overtones. It trained the heart and mind, so its ancient mystique asserted, and produced a type of man who was a mountain of virtue—courteous, sincere, faithful, considerate and reflective. In any event, it produced physical giants, for in sumo the point is to topple your opponent to the mat. If any part of his body (besides his feet) touches the mat, you win. You also win in modern sumo if you force your opponent outside the curb of straw bags filled with sand which bounds the circular ring.

A SLENDER HERO, Pitcher Kazuhisa Inao, won 35 games for the Nishitetsu Lions.

The actual bout in sumo usually lasts a matter of seconds and rarely longer than two minutes. It is the elaborate, theatrical prelude that makes the sport so fascinating for its aficionados. "Ten to 15 minutes are consumed by the wrestlers' preparations," Frank Iwama, an old ringsider, has written. "Loosening up his muscles, he lifts his leg up sideways and brings it down with a resounding thud on the ring. He goes through this quite a number of times, rinses out his mouth several times, and follows this with a purification ritual. This is done by grabbing a handful of salt from a barrel placed in the corner of the ring for this purpose and throwing the salt into the center of the ring. Then with the referee standing in the middle—costumed in traditional brocade kimono and *hakama* (just like a Shinto priest) and holding a brightly colored fan—the big pot-bellied wrestlers crouch in the center of the ring facing each other. Just as they seem to be ready to spring at each other, one gets up leisurely to shuffle back to the salt barrel, throws some more salt into the ring, and then comes back. His opponent then does the same thing. This is repeated five or six times. As the deadline for time permissible for such antics approaches, the wrestlers get down to business and actually charge forward like two bulls. They meet in mid-ring with a smacking thud of quivering flesh, and the struggle is on."

Sumo stars have historically been human foothills weighing between 300 and 400 pounds. They amount to being a separate breed of Japanese and were consciously developed by selecting extra-large young boys for special training and feeding, and by encouraging marriages between sumo champions and the daughters of sumo champions. Extremely aware that they are small in physique compared to the peoples of other nations, the Japanese have always taken immense pride in the sheer size of this homegrown species of giants, almost as if to say, "Look, some of our boys made it."

FORGETTING about baseball—by the turn of the 20th century Waseda and other college teams were almost on a par with ours—the Western sport in which the Japanese first

earned world recognition was, surprisingly enough, tennis. In 1920 in Antwerp, when tennis was still on the Olympic agenda, the Japanese doubles team of Kumagae and Kashio went all the way to the finals. In the early 1920s Japanese tennis players pulled off other stunning upsets, and in the Davis Cup Challenge Round in 1921, little Zenzo Shimizu, who could run all day, came within two points of defeating the lordly Tilden. That a Japanese could even stay on the same court with the likes of Tilden was frankly amazing, for they had very poor attacking strokes. The typical Japanese forehand drive, for instance, had the arching trajectory of a low lob; the players had grown up practicing not with regulation tennis balls but with high-bouncing rubber balls, and the only way to keep them in the court was to hit these looping topspin drives. Furthermore, as the Japanese appreciated more acutely than anyone else, their physique was against them for tennis and, for that matter, for most modern sports. Compared to their competition, they were short and small-limbed. Moreover, they didn't pack as much strength and sinew in their arms, shoulders and backs as did the Western athletes. What they achieved they managed by determination, discipline and resourceful compensation. Centuries of squatting cross-legged on their rice-matted floors had bred a people with extraordinarily powerful thighs and legs. These they made the most of.

An ideal illustration is the story of Japan's first Olympic champion, Mikio Oda. In the 1924 Olympics, Oda came in sixth in the hop, step and jump. This marked a new high for a Japanese track man. Twelve years earlier, when Japan had first entered the quadrennial international games, the two representatives sent over to Stockholm, a marathoner and a middle-distance man, had finished nowhere in sight. Eight years after that, a larger delegation, 11 track and field men (and two swimmers), had journeyed to Antwerp for the Games and had failed to place or come close to placing. Hence, when Oda succeeded in capturing sixth place in the jump in '24, this mild enough triumph gave new heart to Japanese athletes and spurred Oda on to meticulous preparation for the next Olympiad. "My idea," he later wrote, "was to think out a method peculiarly suited to the Japanese physique, because I was convinced that there would be no sense studying Western methods of jumping by means of photographs and books." Thereupon he set about devising a new style based on the exceptional strength of his knee and ankle joints, deducing quite accurately that the national habit of squatting had developed these muscles to a degree none of his foreign opposition could approach. In 1928, after three years of vigilant study and practice, Mikio Oda won his event in the Amsterdam Olympics. Four years later, his countryman, Chuhei Nambu, employing the technique that Oda had pioneered, carried off the hop, step and jump at Los Angeles.

A ROTUND HERO. this giant wrestler executes elaborate prematch ritual. Regarded generally as the national sport, 2,000-year-old sumo still has wide Japanese following.

That was in 1932—the summer the Japanese swimmers flabbergasted the sports world by winning five of the six major Olympic swimming events. (Buster Crabbe took the 400-meter freestyle, the single American victory in a sport we had dominated and expected to continue to.) The decisiveness of this Japanese sweep created the impression in the United States that Japan was historically an aquatic nation whose people were as much at home in the water as the Polynesians—they were simply just getting around to the Olympics.

This wasn't quite correct. Japan was a swim-minded nation, but neither in a Polynesian nor a Western way. Endurance swimming and cold-water swimming were stressed, as was synchronized swimming in which a group performed certain movements in unison, like a shipwrecked Busby Berkeley chorus: the members of the line swam rhythmically while cloaked in heavy samurai armor, for example, or, floating in geometric patterns, performed such stunts as fanning themselves, holding a parasol in the hand (and occasionally with the toes) or writing a Japanese poem on rice paper with a writing brush. When it came to speed, however, the Japanese were not in the swim. Their first two Olympic entrants, the duo who appeared in the 1920 games, actually used the sidestroke, and spectators watching their odd, maundering progress didn't know whether to laugh or to feel sorry for them.

Very much as Oda went about his problem, Japanese swimmers made themselves into champions by developing a style in which they used their major physical asset, their legs, to compensate for their lack of arm and shoulder reach. The key to this style was suspending the hips slightly lower in the water (in relation to the rest of the body) than conventional form ordained. With the hips slung in this lowered position, the legs were poised to unleash their fullest drive at hard six- and eight-beat kick tempos. This tremendous leg action powered the Japanese swimmers something like a jet: it created the basic momentum

continued

which the swimmer (eliminating the roll) augmented by driving his shoulders and arms through the water just as fast as he could, making up for the defect of his short arms by the very number and rapidity of his strokes.

One trouble with compensatory techniques is that the rest of the world does not stand still. Other athletes from other countries modify your ideas to fit their physiques or they evolve new and sometimes more efficacious methods. If they are bigger and stronger than you to boot, you don't stay on top long. Brazilian track men, rangier than the Japanese, have taken the play away from them in their old specialty, the hop, step and jump. Swimming, as we are all aware, has become virtually an Australian province.

There are other troubles with compensatory techniques and, most assuredly, with the philosophy that this approach to sport regularly engenders. Training yourself into magnificent shape and using all the resourcefulness at your command—these are at the heart of sports, for pure skill by itself only goes so far by itself. (When the Japanese fed their swimmers oxygen from tanks stationed at the poolside at the 1932 Games, old Olympic hands like Lawson Robertson, the veteran track coach, deemed this a quite acceptable extension of resourceful preparation. Robertson had experimented as early as 1908 with supplying Mel Sheppard, then our premier half-miler, with oxygen.)

However, there is a point beyond which sport ceases to be sport and becomes, in truth, almost the complete abnegation of the spirit of sport. Sports are intended to be humanistic —a source of real enjoyment for those who participate. They are not supposed to be a morbid and ascetic realm in which the athletes of different nations vie to see who can endure the most punishing training, rationalizing that a winning performance may result and that the glory this brings to the athlete's country more than justifies any hyper-Spartan extreme. Sometimes it is hard to draw the line, but there is a decided difference between a reasonably dedicated athlete's getting himself into peak condition and a halter-led athlete's forcibly giving up the rest of his life and becoming a mere vessel of sport.

This, of course, is happening in some respects in Russia today and has happened in various countries at periods when they wanted to cut a swath in the world of athletics and felt that what they lacked in skill they could make up for by drive, drive, drive. In this connection, Japanese swimming coaches have frequently been under fire by education experts and other Japanese for pushing their boys too hard, for applying the *tokko* or "special attack" approach to their training. These methods, their critics claim, are the reason why Japanese swimmers burn out (in attitude as well as in performance) much quicker than Americans. (Kitamura, for one, the brilliant 14-year-old boy who won the 1,500-meter swim in the 1932 Olympics, was all done by the time the next Olympics rolled around.) If, they add, the Japanese technique is intrinsically attritive and can succeed only if the swimmer subjects himself to physical and emotional strain beyond the true measure of sport, well, it just isn't worth the effort. (It might well be interpolated here that while the apparent suicide of Jiro Satoh, the Japanese Davis Cup star of the '30s who vanished mysteriously from a transatlantic liner, has never been conclusively explained, most sports observers are of the opinion that the unrelenting pressure of representing his country well, even when he needed a respite from competition, is what pushed Satoh into his depression and over the edge.)

In any event, swimming is indeed a major Japanese sport and a highly organized one. The young boy with aquatic leanings gets into competition early, when he is still in grammar school. He competes for his junior high and his high school in official meets, and if he looks like he has the stuff to go to the top, he will probably be offered a college scholarship. Once on the varsity squad, he thinks swimming the year round. In the winter he works on his technique and conditioning (which, at one university, includes six different sessions of outdoor calisthenics daily during the squad's 10-day visit to a hot springs resort). In the spring, when regular training commences, he works out two hours every morning and another two every afternoon—a usual order of procedure being to start with a couple of sprints followed by two or three 400-meter swims and winding up with the boys plowing 800 meters and 1,500 meters. The top Japanese stars never stop working on their styles and trying to find superior ones. To cite one example, Masaru Furukawa, the world's leading breaststroke swimmer in 1955, changed his style radically that year to incorporate more underwater swimming: he decided he would swim the first 40 meters underwater, submerged about a foot and a half below the surface. Jiro Nagasawa, for another, the butterfly specialist, revolutionized that

NEW LOOK FOR AN OLD GAME is displayed by badminton players at exclusive girls' school. Kimono-clad Japanese have played a shuttlecock-paddle game for centuries.

event in Japan by changing to the American dolphin kick. So it goes.

First-rank Japanese swimmers receive certain rewards that ordinarily do not come the way of swimmers. Cheered on by 12,000 to 15,000 fans at the big meets, they are talked about and lionized like football stars in America. When they must hang up the old swimsuit and bathrobe, they are sought after by the sports departments of newspapers and by radio-TV stations to serve as commentators, and pursued by industrial firms to coach the company's swimming teams and do a little public relations on the side.

Undoubtedly the most popular Japanese athlete since the war has been Hironoshin Furuhashi, the marvelous distance swimmer from the Hamamatsu area which has produced most of Japan's great swimmers. Called "The Flying Fish of Fujiyama"—a wonderful throwback to those good old alliterative sobriquets and one which went unchallenged for mouth-filling pleasure until this winter when Anderl Molterer, the Austrian skier, was knighted "The White Blitz of Kitz"—Furuhashi, though handicapped by having to live on the poorest diet imaginable for an athlete, broke records left and right in the years just after the war. It was his hard luck to have passed his peak before the Helsinki Olympics, and his performances there were a very bitter disappointment to the hopeful Japanese. Furuhashi came along, though, when Japan was hungry for an athletic hero and, being all of that, he remains a hero.

"FLYING FISH," Hironoshin Furuhashi, set world swim records in the postwar era.

THE NATIONAL involvement in sport in Japan, as in our country, has increased year by year as more and more people have gained the money and the time for recreation. The Japanese are not only avid participants but no other Asiatic people (and then some) compares with them as spectator sportsmen. Consonant with being the most modern of the Eastern nations, Japan long ago built excellent stadiums which in turn fostered an exuberant fandom. Besides, the Japanese simply love to look at things—sightseeing amounts to a positive national mania. During this last decade, the base of this pyramid of the sports-active and sports-minded has broadened as never before. The Kabuki actor, the traditional matinee idol of that slice of the female population which always feels incomplete unless it is carrying on a vicarious front-page romance, has been losing a lot of ground to the glamour men of sports. Radio and TV and the daily newspapers (which always played it big) have accorded sport wider and wider coverage. But the most telling tip-off on the boom is the existence today of *11* daily sports papers. Eight of these are not really major dailies, their circulations being less than 50,000. The big three, however, all have circulations of over 200,000, and *Hochi*, the largest, currently claims some 400,000 daily purchasers. *Hochi* was originally a straight newspaper, one of the oldest in Japan, founded in the early years of the Meiji restoration. In 1948, when it had lost much of its influence and many of its advertisers, its owners decided to turn the paper into a sports sheet, a sterling bit of Friday-morning quarterbacking as it has turned out. *Hochi* prints eight pages each day, six devoted to sports, one to radio and TV programs and the other to amusements (stage plays, movies, concerts, nightclubs). You can buy it for eight yen (about 3¢) on the stands or subscribe to it for a month for 240 yen (about 67¢).

The set percentages of space accorded the various sports in *Hochi*'s six pages are a handy key to their relative importance and appeal. To begin with, three pages go to baseball, the year round. One page goes to horse racing and all the other forms of racing in which betting figures as part of the scene. Bicycle racing, it is interesting to observe, is very much alive and may hold the equivalent position in Japan to harness racing here. Some 60 bicycle pits are spotted throughout the country, with the schedule worked out so that each pit gets six days of action a month. All the races, by the way, are sprints. One of the most surprising developments in recent years has been the success of hydroplane racing. This, some Japanese advance, is partially explained by the debut in recent years of women drivers, a phenomenon that in one direction epitomizes the total enfranchisement of the Eastern female, and in another the up-up-up-beat of this kicks-happy postwar world. Except for the geishas, the female hydroplane racers are the highest-paid women in Japan. They make about $400 a month, almost eight times the salary of the average white-collar man.

The remaining two pages of *Hochi* go to sumo, swimming, table tennis, golf, mountaineering, skiing and the other sports:

RUGBY AND SOCCER: The staple winter-season games, played in the months between the autumn baseball season and the spring baseball season by most of the high schools and colleges and some industrial teams.

TRACK: Besides the sprints, the Japanese are now concentrating on the distance events, from the 10,000 meters up through the marathon.

BOXING: Japan in 1952 produced its first world champion when Yoshio Shirai captured the flyweight title.

BASKETBALL: A coming sport most advanced in the state of Niigata, where the heavy annual snowfall prompted the building of good indoor facilities.

ICE HOCKEY: Not a coming sport at the moment, it is played only to a limited degree by schoolboys.

FIGURE SKATING: A surprising favorite, the six rinks in Tokyo being reserved months ahead down to their last practice square.

TENNIS: Perhaps the most patrician of games inasmuch as the clubs still pride themselves on their exclusivity, the ranking players invariably being the sons of ranking players of their generation.

JUDO: Still biggest in Kyushu, its historic home.

BOWLING: A new recreation that

continued

has caught on quickly but which is still a bit too expensive to fit into the budget of the average Japanese.

SAILING: High costs have been the chief factor in retarding what one would think would be a thriving sport but is surprisingly minor.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL: Like Rugby over here, it is played cavalierly by the smart set at some colleges and causes a wee public stir with its annual Rice Bowl game between the top college teams.

BADMINTON: The Japanese female has a traditional rapport with the shuttlecock, and the game should become almost as popular as it is in Malaya, where there is a court in every backyard.

SOFTBALL: It is played by all ages and both sexes, so well, in fact, by the women that a team of Japanese girls broke even against male competition in a recent tour of Formosa.

Table tennis, golf, mountaineering and skiing merit more extended comment. The latter two were nothing before the war but, along with golf, they are now the sports which Japanese authorities (such as the editors of *Hochi*) believe have the biggest futures. To a considerable degree, the notable international successes of young Chick Igaya have contributed to the rush to skiing. Igaya, the former Dartmouth star, is the son of a skiing instructor from Nagano who saw to it that the boy was on skis as many months as possible, leading him progressively farther north, ultimately to Hokkaido, each year as the advent of spring melted the snow on the more southern trails. However, the main and commanding reason for the present boom in skiing is that, along with mountaineering, it has developed into a coed diversion, the newly emancipated girls joining their dates for weekend jaunts to the Japanese Alps and making the days on the slopes and the evenings around the old *hibachi* a lot more pleasant than they used to be. Though he likes to act the reserved, take-it-or-leave-it guy where women are concerned, the young Japanese male is very appreciative of the happy pretext that sports nowadays provide for enjoying the pleasures of mixed company. He has never fooled anyone anyhow. The superflashiness he always puts on when he is having even a simple game of catch derives from his awareness that the girls may be watching—the same thing, really, as the American boy's trying to look like Joe Form as he passes a football on the beach. It is, to be sure, an old, universal and potent incentive—the women watching—and, as Jules Romains has written, it was probably one of the reasons why the French held Verdun.

We have earlier noted in Part I some of the exotic shapes the current Japanese infatuation with golf takes, and suffice it to add here that the game has made its advances in the face of the most discouraging of all obstacles: the paucity of free land in a country where nearly every available acre has long been used for the priority activities of living. Nevertheless, there are by the latest count 103 courses in Japan—10 are public—and 25 more are under construction, several along the margins of old riverbeds and not a few on land reclaimed from the ocean. The best Japanese courses are solid tests by the strictest standards and, what with their sculptured trapping and handsome trees, lovely to look at. They are beautifully cared for. It is not at all an unusual sight to look down a fairway in Japan and see a rough-to-rough line of women laborers, down on their hands and knees, moving toward the green like a slow wave as they pluck the weeds by hand. Since the 1957 Canada Cup match we know about the abilities of the winning Japanese team, Nakamura and Ono, and it should only be remarked in passing that they are not the only Japanese pros of tournament caliber. In the 1956 Canada Cup, which the American team of Hogan and Snead won at Wentworth in England, Hayashi and Ishii, who represented Japan that year, both shot 68s on the final round and finished a fine fifth, ahead of such reputable golfing nations as Scotland, Wales and Australia.

TABLE TENNIS, EVERYONE! might be the battle cry of Tokyo fans who jammed city's Sports Arena for the 1956 world table tennis championships against Czechoslovakia.

Table tennis, a national passion for a long time, is more rampantly popular than ever these days now that the Japanese team has carried off the world championship two years in a row. The game was introduced to the islands a little over 50 years ago by one Seizo Tsuboi, a professor at Tokyo's Education College, who ran into it on a trip to England. Some five

years later the game suddenly captured the Japanese imagination. Hotels set up tables in spare rooms, as they had earlier done for billiards. In factories and offices the employees chipped in to buy tables and played the game during lunch hour—which they continue to do today. In the late 1930s, when Szabados and Kelen, the Hungarian masters, came over and were later followed by visiting American and Australian stars, the Japanese perceived with dismay that their best players were quite a few notches below championship level. There was interminable nationwide discussion as to whether the "penholder" grip (which they had always used) should be abandoned in favor of the "handshake" grip, and a new search for the right material for the paddle was undertaken. At this time the Western players were using rubber-faced paddles, the Japanese players cork after having experimented with various kinds of wood, including magnolia, paulownia and Japanese cypress. Final decisions on these matters had to wait until after the war. The Japanese then decided they would stay with the penholder grip. As for the paddle, they have finally adopted a model that has a soft sponge-rubber face and produces fantastic spins. It is the ideal implement for the type of game the Japanese play, as their conquest of the table tennis world patently demonstrates. Today more than 250,000 addicts are registered with the Japanese Table Tennis Association, table tennis centers are everywhere (though thickest in the cold north), and the national pride in the sport is something to behold. "There is no money in operating a table tennis center," a not untypical owner of one such establishment declared not long ago, "but think of the honor of uncovering a potential world champion among my customers!"

IN JAPAN'S brimming world of sport, one meets up with the full roster of standard types each particular sport seems to nurture regardless of clime and circumstance. Japanese baseball, for instance, has its Stengels, its aging managers whose faces are lined like topographical maps and who speak with the rustic sophistication of men who have seen it all long, long ago. It also has its smooth young manager, the recently retired ballplayer who is on the verge of becoming a little too much the well-groomed junior executive and the television guest star. This vast vivarium of sports, from another point of view, brings forth every attitude imaginable and some singular extremes of emotion and deportment. Perhaps these extremes are really no more so than ours, but they are expressed differently and, consequently, they make a deep indentation on a Westerner.

There are, for example, moments when the turbulent Japanese heart, having kept itself in check till the last white line is passed, can restrain itself no longer and bursts forth in touching shows of absolutely honest sentiment. Such a scene took place a year ago last April when the victorious Japanese table tennis team assembled after the excitement of the finals for its group picture. As the players shuffled into their positions before the camera, the captain, Ichiro Ogimura, drew from his pocket a photograph of Kichiji Tamasu, the young star who had died of a heart attack the previous January, and held the photograph before the trophy. Tamasu would have been a member of the winning team, Captain Ogimura felt, and it was only right that he be in the picture.

When orderliness is important, as it is in golf where the spectator is right on the playing field, the Japanese sports fan can be the last word in cooperation. At the Masters in Augusta, the best run of our annual tournaments, the huge gallery behaves wonderfully well. At more than one presentation ceremony, Bob Jones has gone out of his way to tell the patrons how much their conduct means to the players and the tournament, pointing out with humor that there is only one respect in which they fall down a bit: when a twosome is on a green and the man in contention holes out, some spectators begin to dash for the next tee instead of waiting until the second player has also holed out. At the Canada Cup matches last fall, the large Japanese galleries comported themselves with all the *savoir* of Augusta veterans, although at least half of them were attending their first big tournament. What is more, at every green they held their places until each player—in this case, four—had putted out. Then they walked quietly on to the next hole. I was struck by this and asked one of the Japanese officials how in heaven they had managed to achieve it. "Oh," he replied, "on the back side of the pairings sheet the spectators receive when they come through the gate, we asked them to do that." That was that.

When he chooses, though, the Japanese sports fan can make a lot of noise, and he generally chooses to when he goes to the ball park. Professional as well as university baseball has been accreted with the gala razzmatazz of American college football. There is always at least one band in the stands busting periodically into some unlikely tune like *The Monkey Wrapped His Tail Around the Flagpole*, or whatever that march is called. Between innings the cheerleaders for the rival sides, garbed in Music Hall costumes, jump onto the tops of the dugouts and lead organized yells. Individual players are exhorted hard and ridden hard, but until a few years ago life was much easier for an umpire than here in the States. On the field the ump was the constituted authority and, brought up to respect authority, the players and managers rarely questioned his calls. Whenever a manager did, he bowed low and doffed his cap with a nice little sweep; he repeated these gestures and thanked his enlightener before returning to the dugout. In recent years, as we were saying, the sanctity of the umpire has been weakened. Having watched their idols, the barnstorming American stars, dish it out to the serfs in serge, the Japanese players have begun to make with the lip and to kick a little dirt around. Today when a manager bows low and doffs his cap, as often as not he does so with theatrically blatant mockery. It was better the old way.

When one looks down on the ball field from the stands these days, he notices a much deeper-going change: the players are a lot bigger than they were before the war, both taller and heftier. Where the average Japanese major leaguer once stood about 5 feet 5 inches or 5 feet 6, today he is almost three inches taller. (Nasashima, the college bonus player whom the Tokyo Giants signed for over $85,000, is a strapping 6-footer who weighs about 185.) This increase in size is not limited to the Japanese athletes. Most young Japanese are several inches taller than their parents, and there are more than a few lissome girls who have attained the hitherto unheard-of height of 5 feet 6. A radical change in the national diet accounts for this, for the age-old repetition of rice and fish, fish and rice has since the war

continued

been replaced by a balanced diet emphasizing more fruits and juices, more meat, more green vegetables, more dairy products. In some schools milk is provided daily for the kids. Behind this drastic departure in diet lie the American Nisei, the sons of Japanese immigrants. When they arrived in numbers in Japan with the American forces, they shook the citizenry and made them question their thinking as did few other aspects of the unfortunate war. A Japanese, in his confusion and misery, might rationalize that the defeat had been brought about by the Allies' greater manpower and productive capacity, and might buoy himself up temporarily by retreating to the ancient propaganda that the Japanese were a divine and superior race. It just wouldn't stand up, though, when he saw the Nisei, tall, husky, hardy fellows, as big as other American boys, a different breed from their ancestors. "There is something wrong somewhere with our ideas," the awed Japanese said to himself and to his neighbors, "if our own flesh and blood flourishes better in a foreign country than at home."

Besides creating a taller people, the new diet is beginning to nourish a stronger people. To cite a case in point, Japanese baseball has always produced superb base runners and infielders, but in the other departments the standard has always been definitely minor league. Even the best outfielders cannot make the long throw—they simply do not pack enough tissue and sinew in their shoulders, arms and hands. For the same reason, their Bob Fellers do not own a real fast ball, compensate as they will by unfurling the busiest leg action you ever saw. This same deficiency explains to a good degree, but not entirely, the chronic weakness of Japanese batters. Most of the home runs are hit to the "opposite field"—right-hand batters, for instance, dumping the ball into the stands down the short right-field foul line. Even these hits are not really well tagged as a rule. The batters, for some reason or other, swing almost entirely with their arms and wrists, rather stiffly, instead of taking a coordinated cut in which the motion of their arms and the snap of the wrists is fluidly tied in with the movement of the whole body. Nobody is more aware of their deficiencies as batters than the Japanese, and they are cautiously hopeful that the emergence of their first natural power hitter in the person of Nasashima, the bonus boy, is an auspice of the shape of things to come.

HAPPILY, improving the national diet has not been the only direction in which Japan has moved in its efforts to salvage something constructive from its disastrous war. For all of their abundant emotion and drive, the Japanese have steadied down appreciably and there are many evidences of a discernible new maturity.

A HAPPY HERO. Torakichi Nakamura, beams after stunning win in Canada Cup.

They have, for one thing, a better sense of selectivity and more confidence in their tastes. They are surer of what it is they like and admire in their native culture. They hope that outsiders will find appealing those things about it which they love, but it is almost enough for them that they themselves do. While their appetite for the Western and modern is greater than it ever was, their digestion has improved. The young people especially are now so thoroughly at home with many Western "institutions," like jazz, for example, that their knowledge is quite instinctive. In the old days a homegrown clarinetist who could copy Benny Goodman note for note was looked up to as a real musician. Today the kids can immediately spot an imitative performance and, having little patience with that sort of thing, they head for the coffee houses where they can hear someone like Toshiko Akiyoshi whose freshness they dig. The great thing is that they are also very much in tune with their own culture which, as the West is beginning to appreciate, holds so much that is wise and lovely and modern in any age.

You would have to look far for a better representative of maturing Japan than Torakichi (Pete) Nakamura, the stocky, 42-year-old hero of the 1957 Canada Cup match, the kind of self-possessed, unshowy and good-humored fellow you would like to have as your neighbor. He was extremely charming in victory, modest and very much himself. I remember best of all his appearance on a television show the following week, a program like the old *Home* show on which he was interviewed by the local Arlene Francis. Replying to her questions, he told her how he had gravitated to golf: his family—his father was a woodcutter—had lived on a hill near a golf course; he had whittled his first club from the branch of a tree; he had started to caddie . . . .

"Well, it was certainly a marvelous triumph, Mr. Nakamura," the lady interviewer said. "It is very exciting to realize that our Japanese golfers are now the best in the world."

"I don't think that's quite accurate," Nakamura corrected her, breaking into an easy smile. "You see, everything was in our favor last week. We knew the course much better than the other players. We were used to the greens and many of the visiting players never got used to them. We were very lucky, too; Ono and I happened to be at the very peak of our games. Many of the other players weren't in their best form that week. That happens in golf."

"You mean that we cannot look forward to another victory next year in the Canada Cup?" the lady interviewer asked with a twinge of disappointment.

Nakamura nodded. "That's much too much to expect," he said. "I think we will be doing very well if we finish among the first eight or 10 teams next year. We're getting better but there are many wonderful players in the world, you know."

Time was running out and the lady interviewer wrapped things up by again congratulating the man of the hour. "Thank you," said Mr. Nakamura, "it was a wonderful week. I never played that well before." **END**

19TH HOLE *The Readers Take Over*

PERSONAL: CADWALADER ON SKIING

Sirs:

This, the ski experts tell us, is the year of the revolution in skiing (SI, Nov. 25, Dec. 16, 23): the year of the shortswing and the reverse shoulder and—if you're good enough—of that supremely skillful maneuver, *Wedeln*. Well, I believe the experts and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and furthermore I admire them. I only hope they will not overlook another brand-new ski technique, one we dogged, middle-aged skiers have launched in direct competition. It's easy to learn and has real style. It combines the outthrust lower lip with the hoisted shoulder, and for lack of a suitable foreign phrase we have named it, simply, the shrug.

Our graceful art has developed slowly, after 20-odd years of shrewd observation. Back in 1935, when we hiked up to Perkins Pastures, stuck our feet in our toe straps and slid here and there among the boulders, we overheard for the first time some talk of skiing stances.

"Look at Durrance," people said. "He gets into this deep crouch and keeps his feet well apart. A little practice and it's easy." We crouched down earnestly and spraddled our legs. And we practiced fervently.

About 1940 we discovered the Skimobile; we wore steel cables instead of rawhide thongs on our boots; and we had located St. Anton am Arlberg in the atlas.

"Look at Schneider," people said. "He stems, and he's always in control. All it takes is a bit of practice." Dutifully we bent at the ankles and pigeoned our feet into a V. There was talk about Telemarks too, that year, but after one disastrous sampling we closed our hearts to the Scandinavians and stretched our muscles for the Austrians. We practiced harder, but it didn't seem any easier. Later a gentleman in Canada was heard from, who claimed to have beginners doing full Christies in a couple of weeks. This sparked a fair amount of furor, some skiers arguing his methods only worked well on ice, others pointing out that in the East there wasn't much else to ski on anyway.

In the late '40s we went to Switzerland, hoping to learn proper ski technique in the maw of the motherly Alps themselves. Here we encountered another course of instruction: down-up-down, down-up-down and no heel skid, please. Dismayed but game, we bobbed and ducked, buckled and bent and vaguely wondered if it were worth it. It all seemed to take so much practice.

Determined after this to stick with the Americans, we invaded Sun Valley in the early '50s, to find other invaders had landed ahead of us—Frenchmen. They fetched along a gimmick called a *ruade*, a sort of rabbit hop around the corners. "After all, it's quite easy if you practice, and look at Allais. . . ." Some among us looked positively surly, but we worked hard on the rabbit hop. And it wasn't that easy.

Suddenly it is the late '50s, and the ski pros are shifting their hips in the oily fashion of rumba dancers and using the reverse shoulder and assuming something called the Comma Position. This is the young skier's brave new world of *Wedeln*. And, oh yes, of course it takes a little practice.

Well, we are fat, 40 and philosophical. And we are not to be intimidated any longer. The time is ripe; we are promoting our own technique and it is desperately needed. You start with the defeated shoulder and the planted heel, and this puts you into the Careless Position. Soon you are ready for higher things like that exhilarating downhill maneuver, the Triumphant Totter. And your ability will win instant recognition.

Just the other day an eager youngster came wedeling down a trail, caught sight of a group of Perkins Pastures veterans, and checked long enough to remark: "Would you believe it? They're still skiing."

All it takes is a bit of practice. It's really easy.

MAY H. CADWALADER

Washington, D.C.

PERSONAL: BOGERT ON STAGHUNTING

Sirs:

We went staghunting yesterday, in Chantilly (SI, Jan. 27), and the whole thing only cost 7,000 francs about $15 and we had a terrific time.

First we hung around for about an hour, with all the horses standing in a row with their grooms, while they tried to decide whether to hunt or not. It was cold, and the ground was very hard and icy. Finally we started off at about 1:30 or 2. There is no jumping in staghunting! I had a marvelous horse, a Thoroughbred, who kicked all the time, but not badly, because of nerves. Anyway we hunted stag, and every now and then about five doe would go running through the forest right next to us. It was fabulous, and the French always get so excited. Everyone followed the entire hunt on bicycles, cars, foot, and when the stag appeared they would all shriek: "Tallyho!" and "Attention, attention!" etc.

Unfortunately, I was following a very official-looking man, who turned out later to be just learning (which accounted for the horn and the official-lookingness), and so we got lost and missed the best part of the hunt. We found them again, just in time for the kill, when the stag went into the water. All the men then stood in two groups on one side of a circle, and the hounds in a huge pack on the other. There was a man in the middle who held the antlers of the stag, who by that time had been skinned, and others with whips kept the hounds from misbehaving. Everyone else stood around the outside of the circle, and the two groups blew all the hunting calls back and forth to each other. After that, which took about half an hour, the hide is pulled off the rest of the stag, and the hounds, about 35, "go to it." Then it becomes awful, because there are millions of dogs running around with the bladder, heart, liver, in their mouths—all fighting and snarling. It is like a huge rug which moves back and forth dragging the carcass around, and every once in a while two huge, snarling dogs rise in the air above all the others. About 45 minutes later there is nothing left except a huge spine.

ELIZABETH BOGERT

Paris, France

PERSONAL: MONTGOMERY ON BOSTON

Sirs:

I want to tell you of my great interest in the story of George Crowninshield's yacht, *Cleopatra's Barge* (SI, Feb. 17).

My great-great-grandmother was Mary Crowninshield (daughter of George Crowninshield), who married Nathaniel Silsbee of Salem. My mother's sister was their great-granddaughter.

One of the rumors about the cruise of the *Cleopatra's Barge* abroad was that she was to try to rescue Napoleon from his island prison!

My sister is the proud owner of the beautiful desk from the cabin of *Cleopatra's Barge* and, in due course, it will go to the Peabody Museum in Salem.

In recent years two Crowninshields, Bowdoin and Benjamin, if my memory is correct, built and sailed a beautiful schooner, also *Cleopatra's Barge*.

Also of interest to me was your PAT ON THE BACK for Dorothea Dean of Boston. She is a niece of my wife, who was Ethel Dean, and comes naturally to her interest in athletics. Her father, the late James Dean of Boston, was captain of the Harvard baseball team in both 1896 and '97, and his older brother Dudley was also captain of the ball team in 1891. Besides this, Dud was quarterback of the 1890 football team and won Harvard's victory that year over Yale by a long run for a touchdown with a "stolen" football.

Dud's son John was captain of Harvard's 1933 football team, which also beat Yale, a great day for the Deans as you can imagine.

HUGH DEVEREUX MONTGOMERY

Rye, N.Y.

PERSONAL: SPARSE ON DOGS

Sirs:

If you would get someone to write the true inwardness of dogs, it would interest many people including not only dog owners but those who once did, would like to or are going to own dogs but don't. If there are child psychologists there must be dog psychologists, and it would be interesting if one of them would put a few pooches on the couch and report the findings.

continued

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For there is a deviousness and formality to the canine mind which is cloaked by the lackadaisical and often deplorable manner of the typical dog. As a matter of fact, they are bums at heart—deplorable characters even though they are sometimes as deplorable characters sometimes are attractive and even lovable. But they are ritualistic bums.

What brings this to mind is an experience I had with a dog last Sunday. For some time, this beagle has been in the habit of trailing mice across our backyard, giving tongue like the Inchcape Bell. Occasionally I have extended such friendly salutations as "Hello, lousy," but he has never deigned to notice me. I think that, with dogs as with people, when one who has always ignored you suddenly becomes friendly, it is only because he wants to sell you something or get something out of you. It turned out so in this case.

I am shoveling the driveway although it is still snowing when the beagle approaches, curls his stern under him to a perfectly unbelievable extent in order to keep his tenderest anatomy off the snow and sits down with his back to me, 25 feet away. He is a perfectly white dog half an hour later, never having moved a hair.

When I work down to close quarters I speak to him, but he does not even turn his head. On impulse—an impulse which I later realized he was thought-transferring to me—I walked up to him and spoke again. No notice. I scratched his ears, patted him and finally gave him a brisk rubbing. He liked it, but he still sat with his back to me. He was shivering, and I decided to take him in to get warm, not that I care anything about dogs but after all, you can't let anything living die of pneumonia if you can help it.

I invite him in and start for the back steps, and he stays so close to my ankles that for a time I cannot see him on account of the accents of my personal architecture. He comes sedately but rapidly into the house.

I take him on my lap and wrap my coat around him, for he is really a very cold dog—so cold that he doesn't notice the savory odors of dinner cooking. He finally goes to sleep and snores. I decide to put him out again and have to use strategy as he does not wish to leave. But once out, he heads down the street as if he knew where he were going and turns into a driveway, so I assume he lives there. He doesn't.

By dark I am shoveling in the backyard, and I hear a succession of whoffles and snorts. Here is this beagle tracking something over new-fallen snow, which is ridiculous, snorting so ostentatiously that I finally gather he means: "Hey, look at me. I'm back." I ignore him, and finally he goes up to the kitchen door and whines until my wife lets him in.

I figure then that he is a lost dog, which turns out to be the case. Apparently he has always gone home by following his own backtrack, but in the snow he cannot do that, of course. Some kids in the street say they think it is Mr. B.'s dog, so I telephone Mr. B. and sure enough, they have a beagle and he is not home. He lives on the other side of the avenue.

I put a rope on the dog's collar, whereupon he squats like the killick on a boat. A beagle looks small, but he is as heavy as lead. I have to use both hands to skid him across the linoleum, up the driveway, down the street, around the corner and onto the main highway. There he suddenly recognizes where he is and is instantly a changed dog. He wants to play. He wants to salute parked automobiles and every tree. He wants to explore. And when I get him home, he is the gladdest dog you ever saw; he whizzes through the door like a sputnik.

Now my point is that this dog knew he was lost a long time before; that was why he came to me for the first time in his life. But instead of coming up frankly, introducing himself and telling me what he wanted, he had to go through this Chinese dance of pretending that he was just resting in our driveway, watching the scenery and didn't know I was there. And even after we had become acquainted, when he came back the second time he had to observe a devious approach

It would be interesting to know what lies behind this subtlety and indirection; how those devious and circumlocutory approaches to the heart of the problem were first charted in that canine brain. The stiff and complicated protocol which one dog observes in making the acquaintance of another always reminds me of two Britishers finally deciding to introduce themselves to each other in a club, and it can be explained, perhaps, as the instinct of self-defense in either case. But why such formalism must be observed in distress I cannot understand.

It seems to me that someone who has made a study of dog psychology could explain this sort of thing interestingly. Why don't you get someone who can handle it?

SPARSE GREY HACKLE

Noroton Heights, Conn.

• Why not? Will some dog psychologist please throw Mr. Hackle a bone? —ED.

SHORTSWING: AN INVITATION

Sirs:

I have always been a reader of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and I was particularly interested in the series of articles by Willy Schaeffler. This letter is prompted by the question asked your magazine by Richard N. Prince of New York City (19TH HOLE, Jan. 27) who asked where in the East the shortswing technique is taught.

My home has always been in Stowe, and since 1951 I have been skiing nearly every day there has been any snow. I started on the Mt. Mansfield Ski Patrol in 1951 and spent the winter seasons caring for and transporting the "unlucky" skiers down the mountain. In February of 1953 I began teaching for the Sepp Ruschp Ski School and was certified by the USEASA that same year.

I taught for Sepp every season from 1953 until 1957. When I was taught to teach skiing in 1953 everything was pretty cut-and-dried. There was no mention of delaying your swing or reversing your shoulders. Then in 1955 a few articles appeared on the *Wedeln* and things very

gradually began to change from the teaching point of view.

It was regarded by the "important" people of skiing as something that would soon pass if not too much mention of it were made. Even the Austrian boys in the Ruschp School disagreed as to how to interpret this new style.

As we have seen in the past three years, there has been much controversy as to whether we should swing, half-swing, delay the swing and so on. In 1956 three American instructors in the Sepp Ruschp Ski School, including myself, began to work on a complete sequence of the reverse shoulder style.

We started by working together both on and off the slope, taking slow-motion movies and studying the actual mechanics and physics of all types of turns. We arrived at a sequence where the turn is made not with the swing or delayed swing but with the actual reversing of the shoulders and changing of the body weight.

Since we started this study, through our own choosing the three of us are working in different ski schools. One member of the trio is with the ski school at Sugarloaf Ski Area in Maine and I am directing the ski school at Smugglers' Notch Ski Ways with the assistance of the third member.

I welcome the chance to talk and ski with anyone interested in this new technique as taught in my school at Smugglers' Notch Ski Ways.

WILLIS H. BARROWS

Stowe, Vt.

GOLF: SHORT HISTORY OF THE CLEEK

Sirs:

One evening a group of golfers were sitting around in the Point Grey Club at Vancouver, B.C., and the discussion got around to the names applied to old clubs.

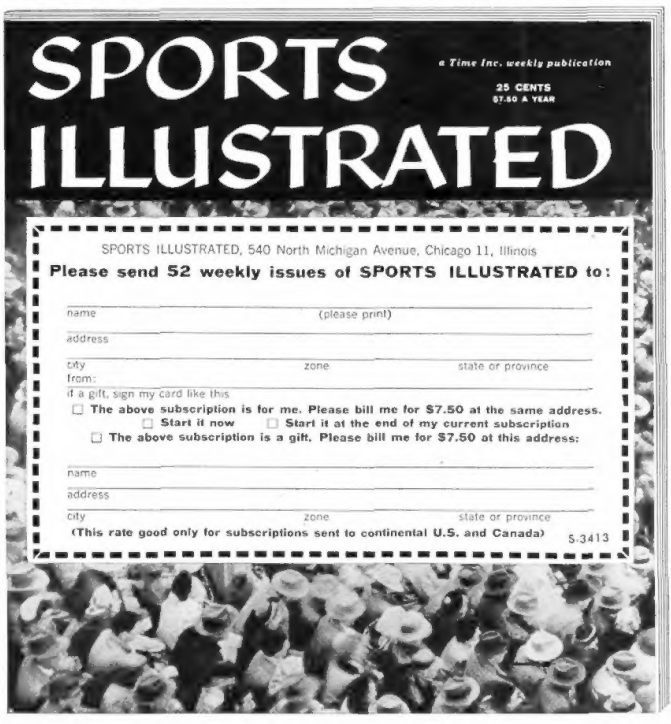
The question arose as to what a "cleek" was. The majority said it was an iron-headed club, with a loft slightly greater than a putter and a shaft about the same as a putter. Others said it was a wooden-faced club, with about the same loft as a five-iron.

After much discussion and no conclusions reached, I said I would write SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for an opinion, so here we are.

ALLAN M. CLARK

Vancouver, B.C.

● Generically speaking, the cleek is a slightly lofted iron-headed club used for distance. There is also a putting cleek, unlofted and with a shaft about half a hand's breadth shorter than the cleek proper. The iron-headed clubs came into their own as implements of precision and distance with the introduction of the rubber-core ball (about 1902). The basic irons were cleek, mid-iron, lofting-iron, mashie, driving-mashie, niblick and putting cleek. Mr. Clark might want to constitute himself as the Point Grey Historical and Antiquities Committee, and in that capacity purchase for his club *A History of Golf in Britain* (Cassell & Company Ltd., London) where he will find Sir Guy Campbell's scholarly treatise on clubs and balls.—ED.



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PAT ON THE BACK

Ronnie Luste

Viola McBride

The final results of the recent San Diego-Acapulco race listed the *Fidelia* as sixth-place winner in Class B—a respectable finish in a large group. That was only part of the story. Owner Viola Russ McBride was sailing her first major race. Member of the pioneer Russ family of northern California who are active in ranching, lumber and railroading in the West, Mrs. McBride herself operates a large cattle and sheep ranch that stretches along the Pacific coast in back of Cape Mendocino, and she is the mother of three grown sons. As a rancher Viola McBride looked out admiringly at the little sailboats that dotted the shining ocean on the edge of her property but she didn't think of it for herself until she visited Norway two years ago. There she fell for a 45-foot racing cutter with sloop rig—the *Fidelia*. Back home in California waters she tasted salt spray in a few small races with her new boat, and a casual mention of the Acapulco race by a yachting friend sent Viola into action. Ten days before the race she signed on a crew and appointed herself cook

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

"Giddyaps" get hee-haws in this Caribbean

Donkey Derby

1. "They aren't built for speed, but the donkeys of St. Croix in the Virgin Islands put on a race that's a sporting classic," writes Laurence Merrill, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Washington's Birthday is the date of the annual St. Croix Jonkey Club meet. This year's meet found me at the helm of a bouncing cart. Toward the finish line, I was gaining on the field when I met my downfall.

2. "A bad bump sent me tumbling overboard, my foot caught in the reins, and there went the race. My sleepy donkey, named Lightning of all things, dragged me across the finish line where the winner untangled me.

3. "The silver cup went to the native whose cart had beaten a field of ten around the 6-furlong course. Looking on were vacationing socialites who make the big annual meet, with its 'Ambletonian' and other events, a highlight of the St. Croix winter season.

4. "I did get a prize as runner-up. At the Comanche Hotel in Christiansted, my host Guy Reynolds bought me a drink. You guessed it—Canadian Club!"

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